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The Week

M. LOUCHEUR, who knows French finance better than he knows diplomacy, declares bluntly that France is not going to honor the claims we hold against her. M. Tardieu, who thinks he knows America, and understands the incurable American aversion to looking facts in the face, regrets M. Loucheur's bluntness. "We do not say that we will not pay," he writes for the World. "We say we will pay but are in a delicate situation which warrants giving us some consideration." He then points out that when he negotiated the loan for France nothing was said about the date of repayment. It was believed at that time that the debt would be unloaded on Germany along with other war costs. But Germany has paid very little as yet, and what she has paid has gone to cover the costs of the occupation. France had expected us to help squeeze money out of Germany, but we failed her in this. Therefore, when we ask France to fund her debt to us, the common man, according to M. Tardieu, does not say, "We will not pay," but he says, "We have not been helped to collect what is due us, but they hasten to demand what we owe." To put the matter in plain English, the French expect us to wait for our money until the Germans pay up the seventeen billion dollars that make up the French half of the German indemnity. That puts the date of payment on the farther side of the Judgment Day.

IT has long been apparent that whatever happened to China at Washington would be but an overture to something more important to happen in China itself. The first act in the new drama is just beginning, the stage being set at Shanghai. A gathering of citizens from all over China is meeting to prepare for three undertakings: reduction of soldiers, unification of North and South, the calling of a constituent assembly to form a new constitution. Although the meeting has no official political status, it is undoubtedly the most representative political convention ever held in China. It was called by a union of the educational associations of China and the chambers of commerce. Multitudes of other of the voluntary and semi-official organizations which are such a power in China have given their adhesion. The gathering means business. If the government at Peking does not give heed to its decisions, it is prepared to march in force on Peking. General Wu Pei Fu who has regained his standing with the liberals, because of his open defiance of the multi-millionaire late Premier, will doubtless be the General chosen to lead the hosts. Chang Tso Lin, the virtual dictator, will either have to fight or retire into Manchuria, which will then become a semi-independent country under Japanese patronage.

THE most uncertain factor in the situation is the attitude of Sun Yat Sen in the South. The heart of the new movement is in the central provinces,

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along the Yangtse. The leaders have no quarrel with the South; but they are not in the least disposed to take orders from Dr. Sun in order to beat the North or to achieve unity. Unfortunately Dr. Sun has a clique of flatterers about him and is not readily amenable to disinterested advice. The provincial governor, General Chen, would probably readily come to terms with the leaders of the new movement. But he may not wish to break completely with his nominal chief. The forces behind the Shanghai movement will win sooner or later; only central China can unite and liberalize China. But the date of success and the amount of tribulation China will pass through before winning depend for the moment largely upon the wisdom and magnanimity of Sun Yat Sen. The latter still has in the South the prestige attaching to the founder of the republic of ten years ago, or at least to one who led at the overthrow of alien Manchus. Yet things have moved so rapidly in China that he no longer adequately represents the new democracy of China. It is part of the pathos of history that a great leader is so quickly left behind. It will be part of its tragedy if he sets himself in opposition to a movement which he cannot lead, delaying and troubling its onward march.

NOW that the sales tax has been found to be impracticable because of the opposition of the farm bloc, the excess profits tax because of the opposition of the finance bloc, the miscellaneous sumptuary taxes because of the opposition of a miscellaneous bloc, the advocates of the bonus are forced to fall back on bond issues. But just now the bonds they want to use are those that the funding commission are to extract out of the Allied debtors, especially out of England. There are several objections to such a use of the Allied debts. If we ever collect anything on those debts we ought to use it to extinguish the Liberty bonds that were floated to secure funds for the Allies. But the most pertinent objection is this: Those debts have not yet been funded. Nobody knows how long it will take to make arrangements for their funding. Nobody knows whether anything will be paid on them this year or next. England, France and Italy happen to be sovereign states, and are likely to take their own time about making payments. There seems to be nothing we can do to hurry them. If we vote a bonus, we shall have to meet the payments, whether the funds we count on come in or not. It would seem to be the part of financial prudence either to find taxes to carry the bonus or leave the bonus to some more propitious time.

THOSE who have not even yet learned to detect propaganda when they see it may feed awhile on the false hope that anthracite prices are to come down, because the General Policies Committee of the Anthracite Operators Association say they must. The committee, realizing that the public is not entirely unaware of the fact of waste in distribution, declare that they are trying to effect economies in freight rates and costs of distribution. But "the only things that we can deal with directly are the items that enter into the price at the mines. That is too high. There is no other way but a reduction in wages to reduce the mine price, as we see it." All this talk, then, of lower prices of anthracite amounts to this: the owners wish the support of the public in their attempt to cut wages. We recall a similar propaganda at the time when the railway companies were liquidating labor. When they succeeded in getting wages reduced they promptly set afloat a hundred and one good reasons why rates could not be reduced on the basis of the savings on labor that had already been made, but on the basis of savings to be gained from still further reductions in wages. The consumer of domestic anthracite will wait a long time for any dividend to come to him from the liquidation of mine labor.

IN the ninth installment of the series on the Paris Peace Conference by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker (published in the New York Times), appear some interesting explanations of why and how President Wilson arrived at the Conference in ignorance of the existence of the Secret Treaties. He knew in general, it appears, but not in particular, of their existence; as Mr. Baker says, "he never, until he reached Paris, enough appreciated the critical importance of these old entanglements to impel him to make a study of them or really to know about them." How did this happen? How can one explain, without great injury to his mental and moral character, the President's statement to the Senate committee in the summer of 1919 that the Secret Treaties were unknown to our government, "unless there was information at the State Department of which I knew nothing." Mr. Baker tells us that Mr. Lansing knew something of the treaties, was ignorant of more, and told none of it to the President, to whom "no real enlightenment came from any source." Not even from Colonel House, who, though Mr. Balfour explained certain of the treaties to him in April, 1917, "said he was not particularly interested, because it seemed to him more important to bend all energies to the winning of the war."

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MR. BAKER, who by inference lays much of the blame upon Mr. Lansing and Colonel House, reserves a heavy share of it for our untrained, unprofessional, ignorant diplomatic service. But even if we allow for State Department incompetence, even if we admit that the President was cut off from the world by a more than oriental isolation, we are at a loss to explain the completeness of his ignorance. On November 17, 1917, the Secret Treaties were given to the world by the Bolsheviki; on December 12th they were published by the Manchester Guardian, and shortly afterwards were reprinted in the New York Evening Post, thereby attaining a degree of publicity which all the ignorance of state departments and the reticences of Colonel House would, one imagines, have been powerless to nullify. Nevertheless the President managed to elude this knowledge, and his lack of it remains a curious and melancholy chapter in our history which even Mr. Baker's lucid account does not entirely clear up.

RUSSIA still imprisons men for political activity, just like the United States. Two Russian officers have recently been sentenced. One, Colonel Avanasieff, had been chief of staff of one of Denikin's divisions, and had also served as officer under Kolchak. From the point of view of the present Russian government, he had been a prominent figure in two murderously destructive insurrections. He got five years. The other, Colonel Mamuykine, had served with Kolchak and Denikin, and was also charged with spying on communists and shooting them. He got three years and four months. Compare these charges and the penalties imposed with the charges against our own I. W. W.'s, still with the greater part of their ten and twenty years sentences to serve. Take the case of Vincent St. John, for example. In his defence he denied that he had ever written, said or done anything to curtail the production of war supplies, or to interfere with recruiting, or to produce insubordination in the army. He had been connected with the I. W. W. from 1907 to 1915, but after that time he was not a member of the organization. These statements were never refuted in court, according to Captain Alexander Sidney Lanier, who investigated the cases while on duty with the Military Intelligence Division. The acts of the I. W. W. organization constituting the conspiracy on which the officers were convicted were committed two years after Vincent St. John had severed all connection with the organization. The prosecutors' net happened to take him in, and he shared the fate of everybody else in the net. That fate was imprisonment for a term anywhere from twice to four times the term imposed by the "Moscow monsters" for red handed rebellion.

The Capitulation of Lloyd George

AN English liberal journal characterizes the agreement reached at Boulogne between Messrs. Poincaré and Lloyd George as a clear victory for French diplomacy. So it looks from a distance. The British Prime Minister does, indeed, get his conference after the delay of a month, and German and Russian representatives will sit in it ostensibly as equals of French and British representatives. But what Russia and Germany may expect to gain by going is not as yet divulged by the news. Mr. Lloyd George's idea in re-admitting them into the counsels of Europe was to bring appeasement to that distracted continent by obtaining Russian and German consent to some kind of re-settlement. But the agreement which he has reached with M. Poincaré shuts out the possibility of any re-settlement. The treaties are not to be discussed. Germany and Russia are invited to re-enter the society of nations, provided they give their approval to all that the victors in the war have accomplished during their absence—to take hands, that is, in a game of poker with the understanding that no matter how skilfully they play, the rules will not allow them to win. They are being asked in substance to guarantee under a ten years truce the whole Versailles settlement, political and economic, in return for the gracious privilege of being re-admitted into the company of their masters.

Before the Conference assembles France and Great Britain are to sign what is called a defensive alliance. Great Britain guarantees with all her armed forces the eastern frontier of France and the western frontier of Poland. In return France generously secures Great Britain against attack. Apparently the French government in return for this British concession has not promised in any way to relax its grip on the Rhine provinces. The purpose and method of the new alliance is similar to that of the Triple Alliance which Bismarck negotiated some years after the Franco-Prussian War. It is intended to safeguard France against any future recovery of political influence by Germany, and it implies the future diplomatic cooperation between the French and British governments for the purpose of preventing that recovery from taking place. The inclusion of Poland within the embrace of the guarantees makes it equivalent to

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an endorsement by the British government of French continental policy. It remains to be seen what answer British public opinion will return to this revolutionary innovation in British diplomacy. The Labor party and an important group among the Liberals will bitterly oppose it.

The renewed endorsement of the Versailles Treaties and of French continental policy by the British government is accompanied by the declared intention of fitting the League of Nations into the European "order." When the Genoa Conference was first proposed, the French government feared that it would become or foreshadow a new constituent assembly for Europe—a body which would seek to establish a society of European nations based on general consent and the application to all alike of the same generally accepted principles of international comity. M. Poincaré has prevented the occurrence of such a disaster by converting Lloyd George to the Franco-British alliance, but he wishes to make assurance doubly sure; and he thinks he sees a way of using the League of Nations for the purpose. He proposes to erect it into an additional barrier against any subversive designs against the Versailles settlement. The French intention is, apparently, to admit Germany and Russia, if possible, into the Assembly of the League but carefully to keep them out of the Council. In this way Europe will take back the two vanquished nations into her deliberations, but place them in a position which will prevent them from enjoying an amount of influence commensurate with their size and importance. We sincerely trust that the friends of the League of Nations in this country and in Great Britain will not approve of this attempt to make out of the League such a manifest instrument of—in M. Viviani's phrase—the "Latin spirit," that is of the present continental policy of France.

What Mr. Lloyd George expects to accomplish by this Genoa Conference (new style) we are unable to see. Instead of duplicating in Europe, as he first intended, an agreement as ameliorating as that reached in Washington, he has obtained at best a new Spa Conference with Russia represented as well as Germany. This revived conference may offer a few concessions to Germany which will enable her to survive another six months without becoming bankrupt. It may lend a helping hand to helpless Austria. It may propose to the Russian government the creation of an international trust which in return for a proprietary interest in Russia's undeveloped natural resources will undertake to finance a limited amount of Russian economic reconstruction. But measures of this kind cannot in our opinion bring either political stability or economic recovery to Europe. Mr. Lloyd George has merely repeated his performance at San Remo, at Spa and of last year in London. In the words of Mr. Keynes: "At each of them [the conferences] he pushed the French as far as he could, but not as far as he wanted; and then came home to acclaim the settlement provisionally reached [and destined to be changed a month later] as an expression of complete accord between himself and his French colleagues, as a nearly perfect embodiment of wisdom and as a settlement which Germany would be well advised to accept as final."

In one respect the Lloyd George-Poincaré agreement has accomplished a definite if not a final result. It has rendered impossible the acceptance by the American government of the invitation to participate in the Genoa Conference on the same terms with the other powers. The Conference will assemble subject to limitations which would forbid American influence from accomplishing any of the purposes and results which the administration considers of most importance. These limitations perpetuate the causes of European dissension and consequently bestow renewed force on the reasons for American isolation. The American government cannot under the circumstances afford to accept any responsibility for the work of the Genoa Conference. It should, of course, have a representative present at Genoa just as it has a representative present at the deliberations of the Reparations Commission, but the function of the American delegate should be that of an observer only. It may be a long time before Europe will again become from the American point of view a sound risk.

From Richelieu to Poincaré

SHORTLY after the close of the Great War, that splendid rhetorician and idol of the "radicals," M. Paul Boncourt, amid the cheers of his parliamentary colleagues, praised "the magnificent continuity of the French Rhenish policy from the day of Richelieu to the day of the Committee of Public Safety, from the day of Bonaparte to the day of M. Raymond Poincaré."

When he pronounced these remarkable words, hardened journalists accustomed to the exuberance of French oratory took little notice, but now in the full light of recent diplomatic revelations and the current dispatches from Paris his high sounding declamation takes on a new and challenging significance. M. Poincaré is again prime minister of France. Germany is as prostrate as she was

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in the days of Bonaparte. Poland, the ally of France before the partition, is resurrected and well armed. Russia is entirely incapable of military action outside of her own border. Austria-Hungary is shattered into fragments, the strongest of which are political satellites of France. There is no balance of power on the continent. France exercises a more irresistible military mastery of Europe than she did after Austerlitz or Jena. The great tradition initiated by Richelieu, carried on by Louis XIV, realized for a moment by Napoleon, and apparently terminated by the débâcle of 1870 and the formation of the German Empire has come to life. It moulds the policy not only of M. Poincaré but of a large part of the coalition of clericals, soldiers and politicians who are now governing France.

When M. Boncourt spoke of the magnificent continuity of French policy from the day of Richelieu to the day of Poincaré what did he mean? He meant the French national ambition, so abundantly documented by M. Sorel in the first volume of L'Europe et la Revolution Française, of extending France to her so-called natural frontiers—consisting of the Rhine, the Alps and the Pyrenees. This ambition was first formulated during the ministry of Richelieu when the diplomacy and armies of France took advantage of the weakness of Germany towards the end of the Thirty Years War to push the frontiers of France nearer the Rhine. Later after the Bourbon monarchy had suppressed the Fronde, Louis XIV fought for fifty years chiefly to conquer a Rhine frontier, only in the end to be defeated by a coalition of Europe. Eighty years later the French Republic, representing as it did a revolutionary popular movement and opposed as it was in the beginning by lifeless dynastic states, succeeded in getting to the Rhine, but in order to protect its exposed position, it had to become a military empire under the leadership of an Italian adventurer. After many wars France was again defeated and pushed back nearer to the ethnological frontier.

During the nineteenth century she definitely ceased to be as she had been during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the strongest military power in Europe. It looked after 1871 as if she had finally abandoned the ambition of annexing the millions of Germans who separated the French people from the Rhine. But the ambition reappeared with the outbreak of the World War. The Secret Treaties provided for a Rhine frontier or better, and if the Allies had won a victory in 1916 without American assistance, France would have annexed the Rhineland. During the Paris negotiations Clemenceau labored to obtain British and American consent to practical annexation. He failed, but when he failed he did not abandon his object. These European peoples have long memories and tenacious ambitions. He succeeded finally in writing provisions into the Treaty which enabled France to accomplish indirectly a result which her diplomats could not accomplish by negotiation and consent.

At present politicians like M. Poincaré and M. Tardieu have published the intention of France, if Germany defaults on the provision of a treaty which is impossible of execution, of maintaining permanently the occupation of the Rhenish provinces. They do not, we believe, speak for the French people, but they undoubtedly speak for the French army with Marshal Foch at its head and for an aggressive and resolute body of nationalist opinion in France. They explain and defend the continued occupation of the west bank of the Rhine as a necessary measure of defence against Germany. They claim that the Rhine frontier would render a numerically weaker French nation secure against attack from even a recovered Germany. But unfortunately the act which might render France militarily secure would be an act of political aggression to which a free German nation would never consent. Its chief exponent among the French politicians was before the war a frank imperialist who had adopted the German strategy of defence by means of aggression, the strategy that tempted the German army along the fatal road that ran to Paris through Brussels. In this respect the record of the man who now determines the policy of the French government is clear and emphatic. M. Boncourt was right in associating M. Poincaré's name with the policy of Richelieu, Louis XIV and Bonaparte. He was one of the European politicians who before 1914 desired war, planned to bring it on and expected France to benefit by it. Glance for a moment at his record:

Preliminaries

Born in Bar-le-Duc in 1860. A Lorrainer, proud of it, who never lost an opportunity to let France and the world know his origin.

Studies at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, his biographer proudly notes, "rhetoric, philosophy, and higher rhetoric."

Avocat in Paris.

Minister of Public Instruction in 1893 and 1895.

Minister of Finance, in 1894 and 1906.

Elected to the Senate in 1903.

Announces his political creed in a speech at Poitiers in November, 1910: parliament should

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legislate, not govern; ministers should govern on their own responsibility.

The Fateful Year, 1912

January, Poincaré becomes prime minister and minister of foreign affairs, "by a coincidence that was not due to a simple play of ministerial combinations." Albin, D'Agadir à Serajevo, p. 36.

February, the Russian ambassador, Isvolsky, writes his government that Poincaré takes the initiative in opening friendly relations. Pevet, Les Responsables de la Guerre, p. 33.

February, the projected naval convention between France and Russia is taken up. Welschinger, L'Alliance Franco-Russe, p. 221.

July, Poincaré goes to Petrograd to visit the Tsar.

August, Franco-Russian naval convention is concluded. Welschinger, p. 226.

September, Isvolsky, after a conference with Poincaré, informs his government that it can count on the support of France in a general war and that Poincaré looks with great optimism on the chances of France and Russia in a general collision. Pevet, p. 36.

October, Poincaré asks Austria to declare herself disinterested as regards the Balkan question. Pevet, p. 38.

November 17, Poincaré tells Russia to take the initiative, counting on the support of France—armed support in case of a war in which Germany is involved. Pevet, p. 40.

November 22, 23, exchange of notes with England respecting cooperation in case of war, but leaving England "a freehand" while creating "obligations of honor." Albin, p. 239.

The Great Year, 1913

January, Poincaré elected president of France with the help of the Catholic, conservative, militarist, and old royalist factions. "The election of M. Raymond Poincaré was heralded throughout the country and on the continent as a victory for nationalism." American International Yearbook for 1913. See France.

February, Delcassé, the open protagonist of war on Germany is sent to Russia as the French ambassador.

New military program providing for immense expenditures made public.

Poincaré announces that "in common with responsible ministers he will assure the unity of foreign policy."

The Tsar wires Poincaré: "The bonds which unite France and Russia will draw still closer for the greatest good of the two allied and friendly nations."

March 4th, great war council held at President's palace and after long discussion a decision is reached in favor of extending the military term of military service to three years. Albin, p. 45.

Three-year-term measure introduced into Parliament. Clemenceau declares war on it. Poincaré calls him to his palace and gives him "to understand that grave events are about to take place." L'Humanité, quoted in E. D. Morel, Truth and the War, p. 152.

August, the three year law passed.

The Magnificent Year, 1914

January, Belgian minister at Paris writes home: I have already had the honor of saying to you that it is MM. Poincaré, Delcassé, Millerand, and their friends who have invented and pursued the nationalist, militarist, and chauvinist policy to which we have adverted. This is a great danger for Europe and Belgium. I see in it the greatest peril which menaces the peace of Europe today. Pevet, p. 44.

July, Poincaré at Petrograd. The world is agitated over the assassination of the Archduke. The French ambassador at Petrograd says that a general strike signalizes the arrival of Poincaré, but that he is well received. "Along the march, the reception is enthusiastic. The police had ordered it to be enthusiastic. At the corner of each street was posted a poor devil to shout his 'Hurrahs' under the eyes of an agent." Pevet, p. 120. Poincaré impresses the vacillating Tsar with his firmness and gives him some backbone. He says to the French ambassador: "It is necessary for Sazonov [Russian minister for foreign affairs] to be firm and for us to sustain him." That is, in handling the Serbo-Austrian affair. Pevet, pp. 121, 122.

July, Poincaré back in France, takes a hand in all the diplomatic negotiations which under the constitution belong to responsible ministers. See official document books, passim.

August, War. Poincaré issues a proclamation to the Chambers: "France has just been the object of a brutal and premeditated aggression which is an insolent violation of the law of nations." Pevet, p. 517.

Such is the record of M. Poincaré who proposes the severest punitive measures against Germany on the ground that she is solely responsible for the calamities which now overwhelm the world. He secretly urged Russia to take measures that he hoped and knew would lead to war. As early as

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1912 he pledged France to come to the aid of Russia in the event of a general war. He backed up Russia in acts of aggression. He professed peace; so did the Kaiser. The cynical Benckendorff wrote to the Tsar in 1913 that after interviews with the French government and taking into account the attitude of Poincaré, "the idea came to me, which seems like a conviction, that of all the powers it is France alone which, not to say that she wishes war, will see it come without great regret."

Well, it came. M. Poincaré is again prime minister of France and minister of foreign affairs. No doubt he has at heart what he conceives to be the best interest of France, but he conceives the best interest of France as Louis XIV conceived the best interest of France, as Bismarck conceived the best interest of Germany. His conception is that of the old Bourbon and Napoleonic France, triumphant on the continent and armed to defy, if necessary, the rest of the world. Such a conception is necessarily militaristic because a large part of the European continent will not submit to it unless its peoples are compelled to consent by military force. It embodies the kind of national egotism which wherever it was found was responsible for the war and its consequences and which as long as it lasts will prevent any effective recovery from taking place.

The Question of Recognizing Russia

SLOWLY but surely the problem of the relation of Soviet Russia to the rest of the world is changing its character. In the first period after the armistice that relation was one of war, the more embittered because it was never formally declared nor conducted under any acknowledged rules. Both sides accepted the principle that it was impossible for a communistic republic and capitalistic states to exist side by side in the same world. In the second period the prevailing relation was one of non-intercourse. Until the Soviet government should fall and communism give way to private property, let Russia be quarantined from the rest of the world. America's refusal to open trading relations with Russia gave the most definite expression to this policy. According to Secretary Hughes' note of March 25, 1921, there could be no possibility of trade except on a basis of production in Russia and "production is conditioned upon the safety of life, the recognition by firm guarantees of private property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labor."

That is still the official attitude of the American government. It is an attitude vigorously backed by the Russian emigrés, Mr. Samuel Gompers and the National Civic Federation. It appears to have no support worth mentioning in any European country. The European governments are too near the Russian problem to suppose that it retains its character unchanged, and too vitally affected by what goes on in Russia to find striving for abstract consistency a practical course of conduct. They are moving towards a new policy. How radical the change in prospect is may be inferred from a statement of Lloyd George after his recent interview with Poincaré. "Everything depends upon the guarantees and safeguards which Russia can give at Genoa. If these are satisfactory, then recognition may follow, perhaps immediately."

If we wish to understand this change in the attitude of the European statesmen, we must first of all take account of the changes that have occurred in Russia. We need not assume that the communists of Russia have abated in the least their belief in communism as the ultimate solution of the economic problem. They still dream, no doubt, of a world revolution. But as a government they have had hard lessons forced upon them by experience. They have learned that unlimited political power is not sufficient to make a communistic system work. As Lenin acknowledged last October, "Not only the peasants, but a huge percentage of the communists do not know how to make use of the Soviet laws in the struggle against delay, bureaucracy or that truly Russian phenomenon—bribery. The reason for our failure in this struggle is because it is impossible to achieve success by propaganda alone, but only if the mass of our people help themselves." In the face of this acknowledged failure to make communism work in Russia, where, even if the peasants and workers are undisciplined, the bourgeoisie is hopelessly weak, what hope can Lenin cherish of making it work in Europe at large, where the bourgeoisie is powerful? The enterprise of world revolution removes itself into the realm of shadowy dreams. Lenin is perfectly aware that the European labor movement, which was sympathetically inclined toward the Soviet government so long as Russia was the object of military attack, is now profoundly impressed with the failure of communism to realize on its promises. It is no longer possible for the Russian Bolsheviki to threaten the western governments with propaganda. The time has gone by for the effective use of that instrument.

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Hence the hopes of the communists have been thrown back on Russia itself. The Revolution is a national, not an international affair. And within Russia it is necessary to carry out a "strategic retreat" from the extreme position of communism. That "retreat" has taken the form of concessions to private initiative. The peasants, while not given the formal right of private ownership of land, are given permanent tenure, subject to a tax in kind which apparently weighs no more heavily than taxes on agriculture in other countries. Private trading is tolerated, as a necessary consequence of giving the peasant a right to dispose of the greater part of his product. And the government stands ready to grant concessions to foreign capitalists for the operation of factories and the exploitation of mines and forests. Can communism survive if private initiative is given so wide a field? Lenin acknowledges that the outcome is uncertain. "Our present struggle will have for its result either a victory for the capitalist, to whom we are opening the door, and even several doors, or a victory for the proletarian state power."

What is it that forces the communists to take such risks? We shall never understand this, until we recognize that they are a governing party, not a body of detached theorists. Like every government, they are forced to make whatever concessions are necessary to keep the masses quiet. They had to yield to the peasant demands for security of tenure and free disposal of products. They have to yield to the demands of both city and country populations for such increased industrial production as may be expected from the policy of concessions. And when they have yielded on these points, is anything left of communism, except a limited field of experimental enterprises?

With a communism so generally denatured England and Italy and even France are tolerably sure they can talk business. But naturally they mean to get for themselves all the profit that is to be had. Russia needs foreign enterprise and capital. Very well: what guarantees does she offer to secure the position of foreign enterprise in Russia? Unlike Mr. Hughes, the European statesmen refrain from asking the Soviet government to reinstitute private property throughout Russia. They demand only appropriate institutions to insure the rights of their nationals. Suppose that an Englishman or Frenchman has received a concession to operate a factory for twenty years. There will be dispute about wages and conditions of employment, about payment for products. What judicial machinery is available for settling such disputes? Poincaré talks about capitularies like those formerly protecting the interests of foreigners in Turkish territory. Under such a plan foreign governments would establish tribunals on Russian soil to dispose of cases involving their nationals. It is unlikely that the Soviet government would even consider such a proposal. But one can infer from it the direction in which French policy is moving. France is seeking now to advance the interests of her own nationals not those of the Russian emigrés.

And naturally, France means to force the recognition of the Tsarist debts, and to escape all liability for the injuries she inflicted on Russia through her support of the counter-revolution. She will extort every advantage she can, legitimate or illegitimate. That is diplomacy. But what is pertinent here is that every advantage extorted derives whatever value it has from recognition of the fact that the Soviet government is an established institution, legally in line with whatever government may succeed it.

Thus the most irreconcilable European foe of Soviet Russia is moving toward recognition. America on the other hand remains frozen to the policy borrowed by Mr. Hughes from the Wilson regime. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians and Germans may map out the Russian field and decide just where to lay their hands on valuable concessions when the Soviet government produces appropriate "guarantees." Americans will remain aloof. That will help the European powers to make better terms with Soviet Russia and fatten the purses of their nationals. It is a part of the penalty America must pay for commissioning Russian emigrés to write her Russian policy in the first instance, and later of maintaining an artificial consistency in the face of changing facts.

The Deunionizing of Coal

ON apparently good authority the newspapers have recently published two announcements about the policy which the administration proposes to adopt with respect to the threatened strike of the coal miners. The President, so it is said, is urging the operators to abandon their present policy of refusing a conference with the scale committee of the miners and to meet the representatives of the union in an honest attempt to adjust the differences between them. But no matter whether the conference does or does not take place, the President will not in the event of a strike follow the example of his predecessor and try to

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establish the illegality of the strike in the federal courts. He will, at least for a while, allow the strike to run its course. Whether or not he will finally intervene will depend upon the duration of the strike and its possible tendency to result in disorder.

This policy is statesmanlike so far as it goes. There is an increasingly prevalent idea that the primary function of the government with respect to strikes is to prevent them from occurring, or, if they occur, to put an end to them. This idea is in our opinion false and dangerous. Strikes are costly evils, which are always undesirable and usually unnecessary; but in so far as they originate in the autocratic and inefficient management of an industry, it may be more of an evil to prevent them from occurring than it is to connive at their occurrence. The business of the government when the community is threatened by a strike in an industry like coal which is a matter of necessary general consumption, is not so much to prohibit the outbreak of hostilities as to bring into existence a method of dealing with the disputes between the operators and the miners which will tend to adjust the differences or at least thoroughly to ventilate the grievances of both parties and promote the efficiency of the industry as an engine of production.

Two years ago on the occasion of a similar dispute between the same two parties the government acted as if it was justified in doing literally anything to prevent or to stop a strike, including the repudiation of its own promises and the straining of its legal powers. It succeeded in stopping the strike, but it stopped the strike, not by dealing fundamentally with the causes of the trouble or throwing light upon them for the benefit both of the parties to the dispute and the public, but by patching up a temporary compromise which only postponed the real ordeal both for the combatants and the public. The approaching crisis is the consequence of that postponement.

Until two years ago the coal industry had successfully used a well tested and practicable method of adjusting the disputes between the miners and the operators. It was the method of collec ive bargaining and conference between representatives of the union and the employers. The method broke down in 1920 largely because the representatives of the employers would not enter the conferences in the fall of 1919 and the winter of 1920 with any intention of adjusting the differences between them and their employees. Although they went through the form of conferring, they practically refused to confer, justifying their refusal by the excuse that they could not negotiate with a union which had already delivered an ultimatum. On the surface they were using the poor tactics of the miners' union as an excuse for shifting the responsibility to their opponents for repudiating the method of collective bargaining which had brought such a long period of peace to the industry. But it was the desire for a fight which really determined their attitude. They believed that the union was becoming too powerful and too aggressive, that the Coal Administration had allowed it too free a hand during the war and that the employers must fight to weaken the union or else lose control of the business of mining coal. Their tactics succeeded. They forced the union to strike. The strike was unpopular. The government intervened. The union obtained an increase in wages as the result of government mediation, but the encounter weakened its prestige, diminished its authority over its members and revealed its infirmities.

This year the operators have gone further than they did two years ago. Although bound by an agreement to confer they have so far refused to live up to the agreement. They cherish high hopes not merely of carrying further the weakening of the union but they expect practically to destroy it. The miners are exhausted by many months of scarce employment. They are discouraged and their organization is distracted by internal disputes. There are considerable stocks of bituminous coal which the operators can sell in the event of a strike at increased prices, and the non-union fields are capable of producing a substantial proportion of the present consumption of the country. The operators, consequently, welcome the idea of a strike. They feel certain of beating the union, and, if they beat it, of becoming themselves strong enough to withdraw their existing nominal recognition of it. They may succeed in carrying out this program. Whether they do or do not depends in part on the attitude of the government and in part on that of the union leaders. But in any event the cause of unionism in the United States is confronted by one of the most serious crises in its history. It is their understanding of the impending danger which had led to the recent alliance between the railroad brotherhoods and the miners.

If the operators do propose to break the union and if they have some chance of succeeding, a government which understood the social and political consequences of their success would not sit still while the whole coal industry was being Garyized. It would use its influence frankly and emphatically in favor of the adjustment of the differences between the union and the operators by the honorable and tested method of collective

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bargaining. It would publicly ask both parties to enter a conference prompted by an honest desire to avoid a strike and to reach an agreement by mutual consent, and an honest intention of increasing the efficiency of the industry. We do not expect the present administration to adopt such a course. The President means to be fair, but he is suspicious of union labor, and he is not likely to take any action which the operators would resent as bitterly as they would the declared opposition of the government to their plan of revoking their previous recognition of the union. The administration may quietly and tentatively advise the operators to confer and the operators of the soft coal mines may follow the example of the anthracite owners and nominally enter a conference. But if so they will confer only in order to disagree. They fully intend, we believe, to bring on a strike; and it will be difficult to stop them. The administration will not more than half-heartedly try. When the crisis comes, it will not interfere sufficiently either to prevent the strike nor to preserve the method of collective bargaining between the employers and the employees of that industry.

If the union is to survive the coming attack by the operators on its very existence, it will have to depend chiefly upon its own endurance, the loyalty of its members and the ability of its leaders. When the test comes, there is every reason to believe that its members will exhibit a fine loyalty and a tenacious endurance. They are convinced unionists, and they know only too well what would become of them if they were obliged to bargain individually with their employers. But unfortunately the leaders of the union are incompetent or worse. Faced as they were by a fight against a resolute and powerful enemy which proposed, if, possible, to destroy the union, they should have associated their own case with a clear public interest. Then if they were forced to strike they could count on public support. This they could have done by emphasizing their present extreme irregularity of employment and by offering to accept lower wages for the time being, provided they were guaranteed a sufficiency of work. They might have proposed a scale of wages which went up when they were permitted to work very little and which went down when they were offered more regular employment. Instead they have announced their intention of striking, if necessary, to maintain a rate of wages which is disproportionately high compared to other industries, which keeps up the price of coal and which places an unnecessary burden on industry without yielding the miners in actual earnings the essentials of a decent life.

The business of mining coal is, perhaps, the clearest and most flagrant case in the United States of an industry in which the disputes between the employers and the employees are intimately and inextricably associated with the inefficiency of its management. From the point of view of the wage-earner the curse of the industry consists in the irregularity of employment. At best the miners get an opportunity of working only about two-thirds of the time and at present many of them are lucky to average two days work each week. They need comparatively large earnings on the days when they do work in order to compensate them for their lack of earning on the days when they do not work. The operators' organizations have never tried to cure this fundamental vice in the conduct of the industry. They are willing to have the miners arrested in the event of a strike on the excuse that the industry supplies to its consumers a public necessity, but they will not listen to any proposals which look towards its regulation, as it was regulated during the war, in the interest of a larger production of coal at cheaper prices. On the contrary, they fiercely protest against any attempt by the government to investigate the industry, to learn what the facts are and to consider the measures of reorganization which, if adopted, might qualify it to serve the public more efficiently.

This is the weakness in the position of the operators. It is a grave weakness which if the union leaders were fully capable of exploiting it might well result in the victory of the union. We trust that in the end they will be shrewd enough to take advantage of it. For it enables them to identify their own interest in the survival of the union and regularity of employment at fair wages with the interests of the American nation in obtaining an abundant supply of low priced coal.

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Taxes and Incomes

CONGRESS is desirous of giving the ex-service men a bonus. President Harding, with his sympathetic understanding of the Congressman's pre-election state of mind, is inclined to help out the "boys on the Hill." The only difficulty that remains is how to get the money. The President sees no source other than a general sales tax; the agricultural bloc would like to reenact the excess profits tax. In this dilemma both the President and Congress might peruse with profit the volume which the Treasury Department has just issued setting forth the incomes which corporations and individuals report for purposes of taxation.

This document illuminates our industrial process and the effects of taxes upon it to an unusual degree. It was prepared under the direction of Mr. Edward White, and has the distinguishing characteristic of freedom from that formality which so soon overtakes most annual government reports. The Treasury's volume on incomes is kept alive by the inclusion each year of some new phase of the subject which has not been previously treated. Its tabulations always furnish the answer to some peculiarly tantalizing problem which is both timely and significant.

This year the volume has two series of computations which are new. The first of these is an elaborate and detailed analysis of 1,240 returns of persons who have reported net income of $300,000 or over in one or more of the years 1914-1919; and who filed a report in each of these six years. This is the first study of its kind ever made in any country, and it deserves the attention of every student of the distribution of wealth. It is too elaborate to permit of detailed analysis here, but an example or two will illustrate the interesting nature of the material. Twenty-three individuals who reported deficits aggregating more than a million and a half in 1914 had a total net income of almost ten million dollars in 1916 and of over six million dollars in 1919. Conversely, thirty-five people who had almost ten million dollars of income in 1914 and thirty-five million in 1916 reported deficits of five and a half million dollars in 1919.

But more important for the immediate financial problem which confronts Congress is a series of compilations which shows the invested capital, as well as the net income and the taxes, of 192,037 corporations classified according to industries and to size. This includes all the corporations which reported their invested capital for the calendar year 1919. They made, during that year, 14.07 percent of net income on the sixty-six billion dollars of invested capital which they reported. Their income and excess profits taxes amounted to a little less than one-fourth of their earnings. After paying these taxes they still had left net income which amounted to 10.8 percent of their invested capital. This was the amount available for dividends and surplus. The capital stock of these corporations is not shown, but it does not exceed forty billion dollars, so that the net income remaining for dividends and surplus amounted to 18 percent on the capital stock.

This is information which the public has long wanted, but has never been able to get before. In 1918 Senator Borah introduced a resolution calling upon the Treasury for the incomes of corporations which had made 15 percent or more on their capital stock in 1917. The Treasury Department found that there were 55,000 of such corporations, and actually compiled 31,500 of them. These corporations, representing an invested capital of about $22,000,000,000 had earned 22 percent, and after paying their income and excess profits taxes still had left 17 percent on their invested capital. But the wording of the resolution had excluded all but highly profitable corporations from this list. The railroads and public utilities were in the very nature of the case eliminated almost entirely.

For 1918 the Treasury compiled the net incomes of 115,000 corporations. They are shown in the majority report of the Senate Finance Committee in 1919. The corporations included in that tabulation have invested capital of $56,000,000,000. Their net income amounted to almost 14 percent on this capital, and after paying their excess profits and income taxes there still remained 8½ percent for dividends and surplus. The ratio of net income to invested capital in 1919 was slightly higher than that for 1918, while the amount remaining after the payment of all taxes was 10.8 percent on invested capital, as against 8.5 in the preceding year. It seems an enormous pity that Congress and the public should not have had these facts before it abolished the excess profits tax. The history of our fiscal legislation might well have been different if these figures had been available. It is not true that the excess profits tax as it stood at the time of abolition constituted an "intolerable burden upon business."

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The Treasury volume on incomes does not stop with the mere presentation of the total capital and income of corporations. It presents these companies by industries; and it also sets them forth by classes according to their size. It was in 1919 that the propaganda for the removal of the excess profits tax first got under way. It is well, therefore, that we examine the effects of the tax in that year somewhat fully. The first thing to be noted is that the net income which all corporations reporting net income had left after deducting taxes was $7,236,000,000 in 1919 as against $5,202,000,000 in the previous year. The total taxes paid by all corporations were almost exactly one billion dollars less, while the income was over one billion dollars greater. The decline in taxes was due to the reduction in income and excess profits tax rates. In 1918 the corporations paid a tax of $3,159,000,000 out of a total net income of $8,361,000,000, while in 1919 they paid $2,175,000,000 in taxes out of an income of $9,411,000,000.

The manner in which these taxes bore upon the different industries is clearly set forth in the following table, which shows the percentage of net income to invested capital before and after paying excess profits and corporation income taxes.

Industry	Percent Net Income before taxes to Invested Capital %	Percent Net Income after taxes to Invested Capital %
Construction	25.59	14.89
Trade	19.85	14.78
Manufacturing	19.89	14.71
Agriculture and related industries	12.19	9.69
Mining and Quarrying	10.15	8.38
Finance, banking, insurance, etc.	7.87	6.85
Transportation and other public utilities	6.38	5.51
All industries....	14.07	10.80

The average citizen will never believe that the burden upon these corporations was unduly heavy in the year 1919, nor that its distribution was inequitable. It will seem to him that a tax which distributed the burden in the manner indicated by these figures is eminently fair. A tax at a uniform rate upon all incomes of corporations, such as has been substituted for the excess profits tax, merely serves to relieve the people who are making 20 percent and places a higher burden upon industries like transportation and public utilities.

The classification of corporations according to the size of their invested capital enables us to test definitely the oft-repeated charge that the excess profits tax bore more heavily upon small corporations than upon large ones. In 1919 there were 142,811 corporations with invested capital ranging from less than $500 to $100,000. These earned on the average 19.1 percent on their invested capital, and had remaining 16.9 percent on invested capital after paying the excess profits tax. The excess profits tax amounted, therefore, to 2.2 percent on their invested capital. In other words they paid a little more than one-tenth of their net income in excess profits taxes. Corporations whose invested capital exceeded $100,000 paid approximately one-sixth of their net income in excess profits taxes, until we reach the class with invested capital of $30,000,000 and over. There are 48,987 corporations which fall within these limits. Their net income averaged 16.2 percent of their invested capital, while their net income after excess profits taxes amounted to 13.3 percent on capital. Their excess profits taxes were, therefore, a larger percentage of their invested capital and of their net income than was the case with the 142,811 smaller corporations.

Corporations with $30,000,000 and over of invested capital paid only one-tenth of their net income in excess profits taxes. Their earnings were 9.8 percent, and after paying the excess profits taxes they had remaining 8.86 percent. It is true that these corporations paid a smaller share of their earnings in excess profits taxes than did the average size corporation. They paid, however, almost exactly the same proportion as the great mass of small corporations with invested capital of less than $100,000. But while the class of smallest corporations had remaining 16.9 percent after paying its excess profits taxes and the medium sized ones 13.3 percent, these larger corporations had left less than 8.9 percent. The Senate Finance Committee and its experts may by some devious process of reasoning interpret this as a heavier burden upon the small corporation than upon the large one, but the intelligence and the common sense of the citizens of this country will not follow them to this conclusion.

The asininity of examining the effects of the excess profits tax according to size of corporations is revealed the moment we discover, by reference to the industrial classification on pages 18 and 19 of the Treasury report, that the $30,000,000 and over invested capital group must be very heavily loaded with transportation and other public utility companies. The steam railroads included in the industrial tabulation have an average invested capital of about thirty million dollars. There are 291 of them. The classification according to size contains only 239 corporations of all industries with invested capital of $30,000,000 and over. It is clear that all the large railroad companies, tele-

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graph and telephone companies, and electric light and power companies are in this group and dominate the ratio of net income to invested capital. To whip up opposition to the excess profits tax by the argument that it bore heaviest upon the small corporation was the cheapest kind of political trick. The statement was never supported by the facts.

As fast as the facts concerning incomes and taxes become available, the arguments employed in the propaganda which led to the abolition of the excess profits tax more and more prove to be without foundation in fact, as well as logically unsound. If Congress decides that the ex-soldiers should be given a bonus, let it couple with that legislation the reenactment of the excess profits tax. Let those people who are enjoying profits, even in these times of peace and depression, in excess of a rate which would constitute usury in most of our states contribute the funds for the bonus. X. Y.

Mr. Finkelstein Drinks

THOUGH he comes of a race which is famous for its chastity and sobriety, there is no disguising the fact that Mr. Finkelstein is a drunken and unchaste young man.

Before prohibition, he drank; and since prohibition, he has gone on drinking. If it were not for his steady-going partner, Mr. Maier, goodness knows what would become of the business of Finkelstein and Maier, Complete Outfitters for Men and Boys. San Marino, California, the Queen City of the Santa Clara Valley, (as the Chamber of Commerce literature always says) is an easy-going community. It is so complacent that it accepts cheerfully the stigma of being known as the city the prunes come from. But even San Marino does not want to buy its all-wool, double-breasted, hand-finished blue serge, three-piece, extra-trousers Sunday suit from a young man who is blazing with alcoholic excitement at nine o'clock in the morning, and must steady himself with one hand on the cast-iron garment rack ("No Fancy Fixtures—but Better Values for Your Money" as the ads in the San Marino Gazette say).

Four days out of six, week after week, Mr. Maier has to keep his partner shut up in the little office at the back of the store, while he takes care of trade, with the assistance of Jimmy Sprugg, the clerk, window-dresser, floorwalker and advertising manager. Yet after all, as Mr. Maier tells his wife of an evening, Finkie is good-natured about it. No matter how drunk he is, he usually retains a dim sense of the proprieties of the situation. He will remain quiescent in his swivel-chair, fumbling over the bills receivable, or reading a fat, red-covered copy of Margaret of Anjou. His reading includes also Droll Stories, Boccaccio and the unexpurgated Arabian Nights. Locked in the lower right-hand corner of his desk are two or three "privately printed" anonymous volumes from which both publisher and printer have discreetly omitted their names and addresses. These books are of a devastating filthiness.

As Finkie sits there through the busy hours of the day he occasionally lifts his voice in quavering snatches of song—which startles strangers in the store. Mr. Maier and Mr. Sprugg, busily selling black alpaca office coats, or mechanics' overalls, always pretend not to notice these outbursts.

Old Mr. Finkelstein never could understand his son. Time and again, before his death a few years ago in an automobile accident on the Mount Lick road, he used to wonder what was the matter with Finkie. Finkelstein Senior was born in the ghetto of New York and spent his early manhood as a pants maker when that occupation was carried on in the home.

By one long continuous miracle of toil, economy and forethought he raised himself from the ranks, brought his wife, his son and two daughters all across the continent and opened Finkelstein's Emporium in San Marino when the prune and apricot industry, just in its beginning, seemed certain to have a bonanza future. Maier, fifteen years younger than himself, worked up from clerk to partner. When old Finkelstein was killed his son was twenty-five and Maier forty.

That the boy would inherit the partnership and spend his life in the business was taken for granted. It had always been taken for granted. Finkie cannot remember a time when he did not help around the store—after school on Saturdays, and through the summer vacation. He did not even join the annual hegira of San Marino's women and children out into the fruit orchards for those profitable few weeks in late summer when the crop is taken from the trees. With some difficulty his father was persuaded to let him finish high-school. When his classmates went away to Stanford or the University of California, he went into the store. The question of college was not discussed.

Even Finkie himself was not at all sure that he wanted to go to college. At seventeen he was plump, pale-faced and sallow. He carried his head high, wore a cold and haughty look, spoke in a rapid, nervous mumble. He did not get on with the other boys, and the nice girls in his high-school class disliked him. As for the other sort of girl, the flaunting, careless ones who live down by the S. P. tracks, some of them half-Spanish or half-

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Portuguese, they have always adored him, to his own great harm. The latter fact has been pointed out to him with much vehemence by his orthodox bewigged mother, but in vain. After a day in the store, spent in impatient attendance on the uncertainties of lank, Anglo-Saxon 'cot-growers, he turns thirstily to the cool evenings in houses of ill-repute where he can sit under a pepper tree behind a whitewashed picket fence, watching the dim forms of passers-by as they paddle noiselessly through the inch-thick dust. He will sit for hours flicking his fingers across a mandolin and listening to the low-pitched murmur of Dolores or Carmencita, or the rather higher pitched remarks of Maggie.

Here he is at twenty-eight—plump, smooth-shaven, his face white and unhealthy yet always fresh from the ministrations of a barber, massaged, powdered, slightly perfumed. His eyes are weary and unfriendly, his delicately-arched nostrils are tilted up. He has acquired a nervous sniff, the unconscious expression of an inward loathing of which he is only half aware. Four days of the week he is sufficiently intoxicated to bring a blaze of excitement into his eyes and make his temper so unreliable that Maier does not dare to let him wait on customers. The other three days he is sober and moody, and works in the store if there is a rush of business. But even when he tries to be agreeable, which is rarely, the customers do not like him. He seems to be thinking always of something else, he does not throw himself wholeheartedly into the problem as to whether brown with a green stripe or a black and white mixture is better suited to the rich purplish tan of old Mr. Axelrod's complexion. This is not good for trade, and Maier sometimes catches himself feeling relieved when his partner comes in at ten o'clock in the morning with the little swagger in his gait which indicates that he is drunk again.

But there is one department in the store in which Finkie is interested. It is his own, installed against the repeated and voluble protests of Maier and Sprugg. It promptly proved a failure, but Finkie, undeterred insisted on its continuance. He even accepted Maier's indignant demand that the losses should be borne by the younger partner's account exclusively. There are few sales in this department and such as there are come on Finkie's sober days. At the moment of one of these rare incidents the man is transformed. Real interest shines in his eyes; he bends his proud back to the salesman's proper deferential droop. He accepts payment with an apologetic, almost furtive air, thrusting the obnoxious gold and silver quickly out of sight.

What does this department sell? Ladies' waists and lingerie. But by "waists" Finkie does not mean those stiff white laundered shirtwaist affairs favored by the business girls and high-school teachers who set the pace of fashion for San Marino's women-folk.

The waists of Finkelstein are gorgeous, iridescent, as lovely as a Sultan's dream of his harem. The stuff is called, I think, georgette. One is the solid luscious tint of an apricot, another the emerald green of a shallow sea under sunlight, a third is blue as the sky at midnight in October. Peacocks' tails are duplicated; and there are some which look like shattered rays of light falling through a prism upon fresh snow.

Equally multifarious and diverse, be it known, are the tones of Mr. Finkelstein's lingerie. The artful collaboration of silkworm and weaver produces no subtle sheen, no illusive softness of fabric, that Finkelstein does not mark for his own and add to his collection. Box on box of these treasures are piled in a corner of the store which he has set apart as his realm. A little table and three small chairs painted ivory-white stand upon a thick, green carpet hardly larger than an Arabian's prayer rug. Also there are big, round hand-mirrors, in which the customer can survey Finkelstein's reinforcement of her charms.

—Not that there are many customers, of course. The girls down by the railroad track love Finkie's waists, but do not need to buy them. He gives them to all his favorities with impatient, regal gestures. As for the matrons of the First Methodist Church, they would as soon think of being buried in one of them as of wearing it in an afternoon stroll down El Camino Real.

Finkie has taken this comparative failure of his enterprise philosophically. But sometimes when two-thirds drunk, he speaks with great bitterness of San Marino and its people—the bitterness of one who somehow feels himself alien, in spite of having lived there most of his life.

Just how alien, he never knew until the great day when Pavlowa and her Ballet Russe stopped over for one night at the Liberty Theatre, on their way from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Finkelstein and Maier always permitted the theatre to put cards in their display windows, and in exchange for this privilege they were given free seats for the show.

Finkie went, shamelessly flaunting one of his girls before the scandalized eyes of San Marino's elite. When the curtain went up and the first ballet commenced, he felt a sudden chill run up and down his spine. He had never heard of Bakst, but he knew that somewhere, far off in a foreign

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land there was a being with a soul kindred to his own.

Great silken hangings swathed the walls of the room where an Oriental princess lured passing strangers to her embraces and their death. Flashing figures entered the scene and passed out of it, clad in scarlet and gold and royal blue. Dancing girls flicked back and forth with ribbons of airy nothingness floating above their heads. . . . The music surged and beat until it was a pulse inside him. The tempo quickened, the dance grew madder and Finkie sat clutching the arm of his companion, breathing hard through his nostrils, his pale face fixed on the glorious flowering of color and light before him.

The sober lads and lassies of San Marino were giggling furtively at the half-naked girls upon the stage; the "stag row" in the gallery whispered indecent comments; but for Finkie it was like being in church. Not the solid golden-oak churches of San Marino, but a splendid cathedral in a foreign land, where strange priests stand in the glow of tapers, mumbling Latin prayers, while light streams in through stained-glass windows far above their heads—and all in honor of a god unknown to Finkie but believed in. . . . The next ballet was Till Eulenspiegel and that enchanting picture of mediaeval carnival aroused even San Marino to cheers and stamping when it was ended. Finkie did not cheer or stamp. He stared before him and felt unutterably lonely, as a stranger in a disliked country who suddenly hears the half-forgotten speech of his own dear land.

Next day he was drunker than usual. He sat in his little cubby-hole at the back of the store and sang For She's My Baby until the customers turned apprehensive faces and Maier had to leave Sprugg in charge of the store and take his partner home in a Ford.

By all the canons of American thought, I know very well that Finkie ought to brace up. A pure young woman, a college graduate who reads Walter Pater and plays Brahms ought to come into his life and reform him. He should overhear a conversation between important railway executives, put two and two together and buy the valuable piece of property needed for the branch line, reselling for a fabulous sum.

But for some reason, this does not happen to Finkie. He says nothing to anyone; quietly, regularly, he goes on getting drunk. In his sober intervals he stalks about the store, head held high, pale eyes staring insolently before him. When a new shipment of lingerie and blouses arrives from the East, he unpacks them lovingly, gloats over them for an hour, and puts them up on the shelves where they are doomed to remain unless they find their way down to the girls, by the railway track.

He is not exactly a town disgrace, for San Marino is easy-going. Still, it is rather a pity, for Maier and Sprugg are alert, hard-working men, who could build up a fine business if they were not harassed by this miserable partner. Even as it is, things are going rather well. The apricot growers have formed an association and hired an advertising agency to advertise apricots, increasing the demand, maintaining prices, and putting electric player-pianos in all the ranch houses.

Pavlowa has not come back; but what does that matter to a town which packs more prunes than any other city in the world? There is no one to miss the Ballet Russe except Finkelstein; and Finkelstein is drunk. BRUCE BLIVEN.

"New Symptoms in France"

I AM one of those Frenchmen who has resided a long time out of France and who thinks that he can learn a great deal by studying foreign and especially American newspapers. I pride myself on being a liberal. I never could take to the letter Barrès's gospel of nationalism and I have very little patience with our sociologists in fiction. I have read many times Rolland's and Barbusse's novels. Though they do not appeal to me as "thinkers," I admire them as novelists and artists. I like Rolland's and Barbusse's generosity of view and outlook. They gloriously make up for the narrow-mindedness of some of our French writers. I failed, however, to be convinced by Mr. Schoell's article in your columns about "the new symptoms in France." My quarrel with Mr. Schoell is not that his "symptoms" are too new, but on the contrary that they are much too old, to represent the actual directions along which young France is trying to escape out of the present chaos. Barrès, Bazin, Bourget and "tutti quanti" have not solved *our* problems, but neither do we believe that the reconstruction of France will be achieved by the real-politik of Caillaux, the morbid emotionalism of Bataille nor the generous but empty rhetoric of Rolland or Barbusse. The conservative and reactionary notions of our "doctrinaires" of nationalism or traditionalism are much

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less dangerous, to our mind, than the vague ranting and emotional oratory of our internationalists. A child can see the sophisms of Bourget's or Bordeaux's novels while it seems impossible to discriminate right from wrong in the lyrical statements of Barbusse and Rolland.

Speaking of "new" symbols, it is not internationalism which is *new* in France but nationalism. Internationalism is as old as French literature, while nationalism became a new symptom only about 1870. Nationalism in France is of German and, it might be more justly said, of Prussian origin. It is the product of German romantic metaphysics after Jena. Maurice Barrès proceeds from Michelet and Victor Cousin who proceed from Fichte and Hegel. For a long time, in fact until 1870, nationalism and internationalism went hand in hand in France. French nationalists like Michelet, Quinet, Hugo and others, still thought of France "as the navel of the world" and there was at that time no French officer, gloriously wounded in war, to remind them of their mistake, "every other day." The Franco-Prussian war came and the divorce between internationalism and nationalism began. One can trace it in French literature as well as in French politics until 1914.

After 1870, not internationalism but nationalism became the "new symptom." Alsace-Lorraine, Fashoda, the Dreyfus affair and, most of all, the Franco-German difficulties in Morocco produced it. For the first time in French history it became impossible to speak at the same time of France and humanity, to be at the same time nationalist and internationalist. We of the new France deplore the divorce and are no longer looking to either nationalism or internationalism alone to work out our salvation. Their time is gone. We look for the salvation of France to the French tradition of France for the world and the world for France. We believe with André Gide and others that the best way we Frenchmen can contribute to the culture and the welfare of the world is in being as originally and fully French as we can, in the most humane sense of the word. This revival of sound nationalism, as developing in full accord with wise and critical internationalism, is, if I am not mistaken, what appeals most to young France.

Of our true leaders Mr. Schoell mentions only one: Georges Duhamel. To his name we want to add the names of Charles Péguy, Ernest Psichari, André Fribourg, André Gide, Albert Thibaudet, Albert Thierry, Allain (the author of that new critical philosophy of war, Mars ou la guerre jugée). Those and many others, dead or alive, we follow. We pay no attention to differences in creed, religious or political. However little we sympathize (and we sympathize very little) with a group like l'Action Française we cannot live without utilizing the spiritual and intellectual energy of Maurras, Bainville, Valois and the like.

We pride ourselves on being practical and critical idealists. We retain that French passion for clear, independent intelligence and critical sense. Every time a man comes to challenge our most sacred principles and convictions with a clear mind, clear reasons, clear aims, we will listen to him, even to his irony and sarcasms. This is why we cannot see in Anatole France a mere négateur. We accept him with all his contradictions as a counselor and an apostle. We hate vague and confused thoughts and ideas dipped in German Sehnsucht; we dread emotionalism. We try to keep apart and not to confuse moral, religious and intellectual, as well as practical and political issues. We cannot in France solve problems of thought in terms of emotion. We do not believe in vital half-truths, not even for the masses, nothwithstanding Georges Sorel's teachings.

This is about how we feel today in France and our symptoms will, I believe, be complete, if I add that for our practical program we accept Edouard Herriot's plans in his books Agir, Créer, Lysis's views on democracy, the doctrines of the "compagnons" and of the "Association nationale pour l'organization de la démocratie." Those are the men who will give us "new worlds for old."

That neither Barbusse nor Rolland are the "new symptoms" in France today, but on the contrary very old ones, not only from a French but also from a European, and even German point of view, can be seen by referring Mr. Schoell to an article of André Gide in the Nouvelle Revue Française for November, 1921. Treating of the intellectual relations between France and Germany,—a timely and capital problem,—Gide quotes from a German article by Otto Curtius, the author of Die literarischen Wegbereiter des neuen Frankreich, too little known in this country. Eager to find, as we are, a new way out of the present chaos, Gide however refused some time ago to join the Clarté group and he quotes from Curtius to explain his refusal. I translate from the French Curtius's indictment of Barbusse:

"Here, in Barbusse," writes Otto Curtius, "reigns the most narrow rationalism. Barbusse believes in a reason infallible and inborn in every one of us . . . Barbusse is hypnotized by the idea

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of Equality. 'Once Equality has been said, all has been said'. . . Patriotic ideals must be replaced by humanitarian ideals, nationalism by internationalism . . . With the utmost naïveté, Barbusse offers those postulates as if they were absolute things, evidences of our reason. He does not see that they contradict the most elementary rules of logic. Still less conscious is he of the intellectual storehouse where he takes them and what they really are, i. e. the last petty form of the modern 'esprit bourgeois,' its last Weltanschauung, its supreme systematization of values: a systematization carried to the extreme, an utterly bloodless and lifeless relic of the rationalistic ideology of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. These obsolete forms of a world on its decline Barbusse would make the basis of a new reconstruction. This is the paradox of the Clarté group. Without pretending to refuse all esteem to the moral forces active in it, that flat rationalism, that abstract internationalism, are expressions of an epoch of decadence and contradict the living sentiment of values which the mind carries in itself."

We are of Curtius's opinion. Very few, if any of us, would take without a smile Mr. Schoell's hint that the Clarté group is a school "for advanced thinkers," if we know what thought means. As we are willing to keep Clemenceau, Briand, Poincaré, with all their vices, to escape from Caillaux, so are we ready for anything rather than to revive the Slav anarchists, the annonciateurs and dénonciateurs of the year 1890. France had her fit of anarchism at that time and survived it. Those are old symptoms. As Henry Adams says in his Autobiography (I quote from memory): no Frenchman ever taught anarchy except as a way to order. Chaos in Paris would still be unity, even with the help of the guillotine.

Space fails me to take up other points in Mr. Schoell's "new symptoms." Certainly few Frenchmen, even of the most liberal among us, would endorse Mr. Schoell's views about reconstruction; still less would they be ready to accept the whole responsibility which Mr. Schoell throws on France for the misunderstandings of the last three years. There has not yet been any proposal for a conference for the limitation of intellectual misunderstandings and it is only fair for the American intelligentsia to be told what the average liberal Frenchman thinks about it. Radicalism, of the brand offered by Mr. Schoell, does not appeal to us. It is too old, too bourgeois; it smacks too much of the "bloc" of pre-war repute. We want a *new* radicalism with which to be international and French.

Meanwhile we remain cautious. We dread capitalism; we also dread internationalism when we see it so ready to translate itself in terms of so many thousand million tons of "capital ships" for the mastery of the world, while "nationalist" and "militarist" France, once "the navel of the world," is reduced to the rank of a fourth rank power. Young France wants to work her salvation along new paths but has no taste for finding herself "between the anvil and the hammer," as Colas Breugnon said in Romain Rolland's book.

REGIS MICHAUD.

The Red Ribbon Dream

As I stood by the stair-head in the upper hall
The rooms to left and right were locked as before.
It was senseless to hammer at an unreal door
Painted on the plaster of a ten foot wall.

There was half light here, piled darkness beyond
Rising up sheer as the mountain of Time,
The blank rock-face that no thought can climb,
Girdled around with the Slough of Despond.

I stood quite dumb, sunk fast in the mire,
Lonely as the first man, or the last man,
Chilled to despair since evening began,
Dazed for the memory of a lost desire.

But a voice said "Easily," and a voice said "Come!"
Easily I followed with no thought of doubt,
Turned to the right hand, and the way stretched out;
The ground held firmly; I was no more dumb.

For that was the place where I longed to be
And past all hope there the kind lamp shone
The carpet was holy that my feet were on,
And logs on the fire lay hissing for me.

The cushions were friendship and the chairs were love,
Shaggy with love was the great wolf skin,
The clock ticked "Easily" as I entered in,
"Come" called the bull-finch from his cage above.

Love went before me; it was shining now
From the eyes of a girl by the window wall,
Whose beauty I knew to be . . . fate and all
By the thin red ribbon on her calm brow.

Then I was a hero and a bold boy
Kissing the hand I had never yet kissed;
I felt red ribbon like a snake twist
In my own thick hair, so I laughed for joy.

. . . . . .

I stand by the stair-head in the upper hall;
The rooms to left and right are locked as before.
Once I found entrance but now never more,
And time leans forward with his glassy wall.

ROBERT GRAVES.

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The Pseudo-Environment

[This is the concluding portion of the introductory chapter of Mr. Walter Lippmann's forthcoming book called Public Opinion, copyrighted, Harcourt, Brace and Co. The first portion was published in last week's issue. —THE EDITORS.]

THE analyst of public opinion must begin then, by recognizing the triangular relationship between the scene of action, the human picture of that scene, and the human response to that picture working itself out upon the scene of action. It is like a play suggested to the actors by their own experience, in which the plot is transacted in the real lives of the actors, and not merely in their stage parts. The moving picture often emphasizes with great skill this double drama of interior motive and external behavior. Two men are quarreling, ostensibly about some money, but their passion is inexplicable. Then the picture fades out and what one or the other of the two men sees with his mind's eye is reënacted. Across the table they were quarreling about money. In memory they are back in their youth when the girl jilted him for the other man. The exterior drama is explained: the hero is not greedy; the hero is in love.

A scene not so different was played in the United States Senate. At breakfast on the morning of September 29, 1919, some of the Senators read a news dispatch in the Washington Post about the landing of American marines on the Dalmatian coast. The newspaper said:

> FACTS NOW ESTABLISHED
>
> The following important facts appear already *established*. The orders to Rear Admiral Andrews commanding the American naval forces in the Adriatic, came from the British Admiralty via the War Council and Rear Admiral Knapps in London. The approval or disapproval of the American Navy Department was not asked. . . .
>
> Mr. Daniels was admittedly placed in a peculiar position when cables reached here stating that the forces over which he is presumed to have exclusive control were carrying on what amounted to naval warfare without his knowledge. It was fully realized that the *British Admiralty might desire to issue orders to Rear Admiral Andrews* to act in behalf of Great Britain and her Allies, because the situation required sacrifice on the part of some nation if D'Annunzio's followers were to be held in check.
>
> It was further realized that *under the new league of nations plan foreigners would be in a position to direct American Naval forces in emergencies* with or without the consent of the American Navy Department. . . . etc. (Italics mine.)

The first Senator to comment is Mr. Knox of Pennsylvania. Indignantly he demands investigation. In Mr. Brandegee of Connecticut, who spoke next, indignation has already stimulated credulity. Where Mr. Knox indignantly wishes to know if the report is true, Mr. Brandegee, a half a minute later, would like to know what would have happened if marines had been killed. Mr. Knox, interested in the question, forgets that he asked for an inquiry, and replies. If American marines had been killed, it would be war. The mood of the debate is still conditional. Debate proceeds. Mr. McCormick of Illinois reminds the Senate that the Wilson administration is prone to the waging of small unauthorized wars. He repeats Theodore Roosevelt's quip about "waging peace." More debate. Mr. Brandegee notes that the marines acted "under orders of a Supreme Council sitting somewhere," but he cannot recall who represents the United States on that body. The Supreme Council is unknown to the Constitution of the United States. Therefore Mr. New of Indiana submits a resolution calling for the facts.

So far the Senators still recognize vaguely that they are discussing a rumor. Being lawyers they still remember some of the forms of evidence. But as red-blooded men they already experience all the indignation which is appropriate to the fact that American marines have been ordered into war by a foreign government and without the consent of Congress. Emotionally they want to believe it, because they are Republicans fighting the League of Nations. This arouses the Democratic leader, Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska. He defends the Supreme Council: it was acting under the war powers. Peace has not yet been concluded because the Republicans are delaying it. Therefore the action was necessary and legal. Both sides now assume that the report is true, and the conclusions they draw are the conclusions of their partisanship. Yet this extraordinary assumption is in a debate over a resolution to investigate the truth of the assumption. It reveals how difficult it is, even for trained lawyers, to suspend response until the returns are in. The response is instantaneous. The fiction is taken for truth because the fiction is badly needed.

A few days later an official report showed that the marines were not landed by order of the British Government or of the Supreme Council. They had not been fighting the Italians. They had been landed at the request of the Italian government to protect Italians, and the American commander had been officially thanked by the Italian authorities. The marines were not at war with Italy. They

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had acted according to an established international practice which had nothing to do with the League of Nations.

The scene of action was the Adriatic. The picture of that scene in the Senators' heads at Washington was furnished, in this case probably with intent to deceive, by a man who cared nothing about the Adriatic, but much about defeating the League. To this picture the Senate responded by a strengthening of its partisan differences over the League.

5

Whether in this particular case the Senate was above or below its normal standard, it is not necessary to decide. Nor whether the Senate compares favorably with the House, or with other parliaments. At the moment, I should like to think only about the world-wide spectacle of men acting upon their environment, moved by stimuli from their pseudo-environments. For when full allowance has been made for deliberate fraud, political science has still to account for such facts as two nations attacking one another, each convinced that it is acting in self-defence, or two classes at war each certain that it speaks for the common interest. They live, we are likely to say, in different worlds. More accurately, they live in the same world, but they think and feel in different ones.

It is to these special worlds, it is to these private or group, or class, or provincial, or occupational, or national, or sectarian artifacts, that the political adjustment of mankind in the Great Society takes place. Their variety and complication are impossible to describe. Yet these fictions determine a very great part of men's political behavior. We must think of perhaps fifty sovereign parliaments consisting of at least a hundred legislative bodies. With them belong at least fifty hierarchies of provincial and municipal assemblies which with their executive, administrative and legislative organs, constitute formal authority on earth. But that does not begin to reveal the complexity of political life. For in each of these innumerable centres of authority there are parties, and these parties are themselves hierarchies with their roots in classes, sections, cliques and clans; and within these are the individual politicians, each the personal centre of a web of connection and memory and fear and hope.

Somehow or other, for reasons often necessarily obscure, as the result of domination or compromise or a logroll, there emerge from these political bodies commands, which set armies in motion or make peace, conscript life, tax, exile, imprison, protect property or confiscate it, encourage one kind of enterprise and discourage another, facilitate immigration or obstruct it, improve communication or censor it, establish schools, build navies, proclaim "policies," and "destiny," raise economic barriers, make property or unmake it, bring one people under the rule of another, or favor one class as against another. For each of these decisions some view of the facts is taken to be conclusive, some view of the circumstances is accepted as the basis of inference and as the stimulus of feeling. What view of the facts, and why that one?

And yet even this does not begin to exhaust the real complexity. The formal political structure exists in a social environment, where there are innumerable large and small corporations and institutions, voluntary and semi-voluntary associations, national, provincial, urban and neighborhood groupings, which often as not make the decision that the political body registers. On what are these decisions based?

"Modern society," says Mr. Chesterton, "is intrinsically insecure because it is based on the notion that all men will do the same thing for different reasons. . . . And as within the head of any convict may be the hell of a quite solitary crime, so in the house or under the hat of any suburban clerk may be the limbo of a quite separate philosophy. The first man may be a complete Materialist and feel his own body as a horrible machine manufacturing his own mind. He may listen to his thoughts as to the dull ticking of a clock. The man next door may be a Christian Scientist and regard his own body as somehow rather less substantial than his own shadow. He may come almost to regard his own arms and legs as delusions like moving serpents in the dream of delirium tremens. The third man in the street may not be a Christian Scientist but, on the contrary, a Christian. He may live in a fairy tale as his neighbors would say; a secret but solid fairy tale full of the faces and presences of unearthly friends. The fourth man may be a theosophist, and only too probably a vegetarian; and I do not see why I should not gratify myself with the fancy that the fifth man is a devil worshiper. . . . Now whether or not this sort of variety is valuable, this sort of unity is shaky. To expect that all men for all time will go on thinking different things, and yet doing the same things, is a doubtful speculation. It is not founding society on a communion, or even on a convention, but rather on a coincidence. Four men may meet under the same lamp post; one to paint it pea green as part of a great municipal reform; one to read his breviary in the light of it; one to embrace it with accidental ardour in a fit of alcoholic enthusiasm; and the last merely because

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the pea green post is a conspicuous point of rendezvous with his young lady. But to expect this to happen night after night is unwise. . . ." *

For the four men at the lamp post substitute the governments, the parties, the corporations, the societies, the social sets, the trades and professions, universities, sects, and nationalities of the world. Think of the legislator voting a statute that will affect distant peoples, a statesman coming to a decision. Think of the Peace Conference reconstituting the frontiers of Europe, an ambassador in a foreign country trying to discern the intentions of his own government and of the foreign government, a promoter working a concession in a backward country, an editor demanding a war, a clergyman calling on the police to regulate amusement, a club lounging-room making up its mind about a strike, a sewing circle preparing to regulate the schools, nine judges deciding whether a legislature in Oregon may fix the working hours of women, a cabinet meeting to decide on the recognition of a government, a party convention choosing a candidate and writing a platform, twenty-seven million voters casting their ballots, an Irishman in Cork thinking about an Irishman in Belfast, a Third International planning to reconstruct the whole of human society, a board of directors confronted with a set of their employees' demands, a boy choosing a career, a merchant estimating supply and demand for the coming season, a speculator predicting the course of the market, a banker deciding whether to put credit behind a new enterprise, the advertiser, the reader of advertisments. . . . Think of the different sorts of Americans thinking about their notions of "The British Empire" or "France" or "Russia" or "Mexico." It is not so different from Mr. Chesterton's four men at the pea green lamp post.

6

And so before we involve ourselves in the jungle of obscurities about the innate differences of men, we shall do well to fix our attention upon the extraordinary differences in what men know of the world.† I do not doubt that there are important biological differences. Since man is an animal it would be strange if there were not. But as rational beings it is worse than shallow to generalize at all about comparative behavior until there is a measurable similarity between the environments to which behavior is a response.

The pragmatic value of this idea is that it introduces a much needed refinement into the ancient controversy about nature and nurture, innate quality and environment. For the pseudo-environment is a hybrid compounded of "human nature" and "conditions." To my mind it shows the uselessness of pontificating about what man is and always will be from what we observe man to be doing, or about what are the necessary conditions of society. For we do not know how men would behave in response to the facts of the Great Society. All that we really know is how they behave in response to what can fairly be called a most inadequate picture of the Great Society. No conclusion about man or the Great Society can honestly be made on evidence like that.

This, then, will be the clue to our inquiry. We shall assume that what each man does is based not on direct and certain knowledge, but on pictures made by himself or given to him. If his atlas tells him that the world is flat he will not sail near what he believes to be the edge of our planet for fear of falling off. If his maps include a fountain of eternal youth, a Ponce de Leon will go in quest of it. If someone digs up yellow dirt that looks like gold, he will for a time act exactly as if he had found gold. The way in which the world is imagined determines at any particular moment what men will do. It does not determine what they will achieve. It determines their effort, their feelings, their hopes, not their accomplishments and results. The very men who most loudly proclaim their "materialism" and their contempt for "ideologues," the Marxian communists, place their entire hope on what? On the formation by propaganda of a class-conscious group. But what is propaganda, if not the effort to alter the picture to which men respond, to substitute one social pattern for another? What is class consciousness but a way of realizing the world? National consciousness but another way? And Professor Giddings' consciousness of kind, but a process of believing that we recognize among the multitude certain ones marked as our kind?

Try to explain social life as the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain. You will soon be saying that the hedonist begs the question, for even supposing that man does pursue these ends, the crucial problem of why he thinks one course rather than another likely to produce pleasure, is untouched. Does the guidance of man's conscience explain? How then does he happen to have the particular conscience which he has? The theory of economic self-interest? But how do men come to conceive their interest in one way rather than another? The desire for security, or prestige, or domination, or what is vaguely called self-realization? How do men conceive their security, what

* G. K. Chesterton, The Mad Hatter and the Sane Householder, Vanity Fair, January, 1921, p. 54.

† Cf. Wallas, Our Social Heritage, pp. 77 et seq.

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do they consider prestige, how do they figure out the means of domination, or what is the notion of self which they wish to realize? Pleasure, pain, conscience, acquisition, protection, enhancement, mastery, are undoubtedly names for some of the ways people act. There may be instinctive dispositions which work toward such ends. But no statement of the end, or any description of the tendencies to seek it, can explain the behavior which results. The very fact that men theorize at all is proof that their pseudo-environments, their interior representations of the world, are a determining element in thought, feeling, and action. For if the connection between reality and human response were direct and immediate, rather than indirect and inferred, indecision and failure would be unknown, and (if each of us fitted as snugly into the world as the child in the womb), Mr. Bernard Shaw would not have been able to say that except for the first nine months of its existence no human being manages its affairs as well as a plant.

The chief difficulty in adapting the psychoanalytic scheme to political thought arises in this connection. The Freudians are concerned with the maladjustment of distinct individuals to other individuals and to concrete circumstances. They have assumed that if internal derangements could be straightened out, there would be little or no confusion about what is the obviously normal relationship. But public opinion deals with indirect, unseen, and puzzling facts, and there is nothing obvious about them. The situations to which public opinions refer are known only as opinions. The psychoanalyst, on the other hand, almost always assumes that the environment is knowable, and if not knowable then at least bearable, to any unclouded intelligence. This assumption of his is the problem of public opinion. Instead of taking for granted an environment that is readily known, the social analyst is most concerned in studying how the larger political environment is conceived, and how it can be conceived more successfully. The psychoanalyst examines the adjustment to an X, called by him the environment; the social analyst examines the X, called by him the pseudo-environment.

He is, of course, permanently and constantly in debt to the new psychology, not only because when rightly applied, it so greatly helps people to stand on their own feet, come what may, but because the study of dreams, fantasy and rationalization has thrown light on how the pseudo-environment is put together. But he cannot assume as his criterion either what is called a "normal biological career" * within the existing social order, or a career "freed from religious suppression and dogmatic conventions" outside.† What for a sociologist is a normal social career? Or one freed from suppressions and conventions? Conservative critics do, to be sure, assume the first, and romantic ones the second. But in assuming them they are taking the whole world for granted. They are saying in effect either that society is the sort of thing which corresponds to their idea of what is normal, or the sort of thing which corresponds to their idea of what is free. Both ideas are merely public opinions, and while the psychoanalyst as physician may perhaps assume them, the sociologist may not take the products of existing public opinion as criteria by which to study public opinion.

7

The world that we have to deal with politically is out of reach, out of sight, out of mind. It has to be explored, reported, and imagined. Man is no Aristotelian god contemplating all existence at one glance. He is the creature of an evolution who can just about span a sufficient portion of reality to manage his survival, and snatch what on the scale of time are but a few moments of insight and happiness. Yet this same creature has invented ways of seeing what no naked eye could see, of hearing what no ear could hear, of weighing immense masses and infinitesimal ones, of counting and separating more items than he can individually remember. He is learning to see with his mind vast portions of the world that he could never see, touch, smell, hear, or remember. Gradually he makes for himself a trustworthy picture inside his head of the world beyond his reach.

Those features of the world outside which have to do with the behavior of other human beings, in so far as that behavior crosses ours, is dependent upon us, or is interesting to us, we call roughly public affairs. The pictures inside the heads of these human beings, the pictures of themselves, of others, of their needs, purposes, and relationship, are their public opinions. Those pictures which are acted upon by groups of people, or by individuals acting in the name of groups, are Public Opinion with capital letters. And so in the chapters which follow we shall inquire first into some of the reasons why the picture inside so often misleads men in their dealings with the world outside. Under this heading we shall consider first the chief factors which limit their access to the facts. They are the artificial censorships, the limitations of social contact, the comparatively meager time

* Edward J. Kempf, Psychopathology, p. 116.

† Id., p. 151.

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available in each day for paying attention to public affairs, the distortion arising because events have to be compressed into very short messages, the difficulty of making a small vocabulary express a complicated world, and finally the fear of facing those facts which would seem to threaten the established routine of men's lives.

The analysis then turns from these more or less external limitations to the question of how this trickle of messages from the outside is affected by the stored up images, the preconceptions, and prejudices which interpret, fill them out, and in their turn powerfully direct the play of our attention, and our vision itself. From this it proceeds to examine how in the individual person the limited messages from outside, formed into a pattern of stereotypes, are identified with his own interests as he feels and conceives them. In the succeeding sections it examines how opinions are crystallized into what is called Public Opinion, how a National Will, a Group Mind, a Social Purpose, or whatever you choose to call it, is formed.

The first five parts constitute the descriptive section of the book. There follows an analysis of the traditional democratic theory of public opinion. The substance of the argument is that democracy in its original form never seriously faced the problem which arises because the pictures inside people's heads do not automatically correspond with the world outside. And then, because the democratic theory is under criticism by socialist thinkers, there follows an examination of the most advanced and coherent of these criticisms, as made by the English Guild Socialists. My purpose here is to find out whether these reformers take into account the main difficulties of public opinion. My conclusion is that they ignore the difficulties, as completely as did the original democrats, because they, too, assume, and in a much more complicated civilization, that somehow mysteriously there exists in the hearts of men a knowledge of the world beyond their reach.

I argue that representative government, either in what is ordinarily called politics, or in industry, cannot be worked successfully, no matter what the basis of election, unless there is an independent, expert organization for making the unseen facts intelligible to those who have to make the decisions. I attempt, therefore, to argue that the serious acceptance of the principle that personal representation must be supplemented by representation of the unseen facts would alone permit a satisfactory decentralization, and allow us to escape from the intolerable and unworkable fiction that each of us must acquire a competent opinion about all public affairs. It is argued that the problem of the press is confused because the critics and the apologists expect the press to realize this fiction, expect it to make up for all that was not foreseen in the theory of democracy, and that the readers expect this miracle to be performed at no cost or trouble to themselves. The newspapers are regarded by democrats as a panacea for their own defects, whereas analysis of the nature of news and of the economic basis of journalism seems to show that the newspapers necessarily and inevitably reflect, and therefore, in greater or lesser measure, intensify, the defective organization of public opinion. My conclusion is that public opinions must be organized for the press if they are to be sound, not by the press as is the case today. This organization I conceive to be in the first instance the task of a political science that has won its proper place as formulator, in advance of real decision, instead of apologist, critic, or reporter after the decision has been made. I try to indicate that the perplexities of government and industry are conspiring to give political science this enormous opportunity to enrich itself and to serve the public. And, of course, I hope that these pages will help a few people to realize that opportunity more vividly, and therefore to pursue it more consciously.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

A Passer

I wonder as I watch you pass
Day after day,
Have you ever known the sink of grass
On an airier way?

You seem so reconciled to go
The gray way of a street,
And yet I think your footsteps know
A fuller beat.

For often as I am wondering,
And you go by,
I see you lift your eyes and fling
A recognition at the sky.

Maturity

He is companioned secretly
When, with meditative feet,
He passes down an idle street.

A slow and misted company
Disputes his solitude. Ahead,
Like figures in a pageant, tread
All his tomorrows with eyes that peer
Over the near horizon's rim.
He cannot hear above the dim
Sound of their feet; he cannot clear
His thought from the restricting gaze
Fastened upon him from behind,
Where follow the gracelessly resigned
Figures of his yesterdays.

HAZEL HALL.

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Our Street

IS Our Street the only flash of color among ten thousand Main Streets?

If Our Street read modern fiction—which it doesn't—it would feel a bit complacent on that score. Aha, it might say, so these here novelists claim there aren't enough murders and rapes on Main Streets? No passion, eh? No fever? Folks are all of the God-fearing type, are they? And they look down their noses if a philandering lass shortens her skirt or reach for their clubs when an innocent-enough school teacher emerges from an adventure with a drunken kid?

Well! Look as Us.

But, in fairness, Our Street should here pause to admit parenthetically that it isn't a Main Street at all, merely a humble but not too humble side street sequestrated in the smoke of the Lehigh Valley railroad yards half a mile from the white-columned Main Street of Our Town. Perhaps it is just this remoteness from the white columns that explains our Lizzie Kearns and our Leo Ricco and our Mrs. Fischer and the flames that sweep through us when the local stove mounters strike or a Lord Mayor of Cork makes a gorgeous gesture or there is a birth or a marriage or a death in one of the not unlovely houses of Our Street.

Whatever the reason, the fact is that in a western New York town of fifteen thousand Our Street of less than fifty households has in some small measure variety and tolerance and salt. Red plush chairs, of course, and golden-oak sideboards and Pharaoh's Horses. But when it comes to elementals. . . .

Take Leo Ricco. He has a face like a brunette archangel and across his throat a red jagged line made by someone's knife one sultry August night. Leo swears that the knifer was a stranger. Our Street knows his secret. It has its beauty.

Or there are the O'Briens. A dull lot. But since Old John—forty-five—died last spring of "moulders' consumption" Young John has gone about with gleaming eyes, muttering crazy things about capitalism and wage slaves and the rights of labor and any day Young John may accomplish something that will send a shiver of delight and terror down our spines.

And the Kellys. They have six sons at home and one in Auburn prison. Burglary, we believe, but we aren't sure and it doesn't greatly matter. "Chuck" is a good lad. His talk has wings. We still repeat his story about the Chicago policeman.

Or Lizzie Kearns. She has flaring red hair and a witty, laughing mouth and so her source of income is politely overlooked. She supports her mother and is uncommonly tender to her and in return her mother has an idea that Lizzie has disgraced her and is sour and sarcastic and altogether disgusting.

There is Louie Satone. He is a cement-worker and sends every cent he can save home to Italy. He claims that he has a son there at college. He lives with the Riccos and in the evening one can look into his lighted room from the sidewalk and see shelves loaded with the queer little flower pots he works on half the night and that no one buys. Dim blue tints in his flower pots. He smashes them when he is drunk.

And in practically every house there is a young married man who hopes some day to own a Ford or a young unmarried man who already owns a Hudson or a slim, eager-eyed girl who works in a factory or office all day, toddles at a public dance every evening, hands her mother her pay envelope unopened on Saturday night, knows "what every young woman should know" and remains essentially virginal.

There is Old Jim Roach who carries a cane to high mass on Sunday, is handsome and high-headed and sneers at unionism and the way those young fellows strike just because they are too damn lazy to work. When *he* was young, *he* drew a dollar a day and was glad to get it! There is young Mrs. Fischer who every evening walks through dark streets with Tony the Tailor. There is. . . .

But all this means, of course, that we have no right to the Main Street tag. We are too low in the social scale.

Still, whether you like us or not, here we are. And if you would know your Small Town, you must know Our Street as well as the white pillars.

We are an old street, as western New York goes. Our first house was built about eighty years ago by a black-bearded giant—the legend persists—from County Mayo and that village of Castlebar near which Pegeen of the Playboy of the Western World ruled her shebeen. We are mostly Irish, with a sprinkling of Italians—south Italy—and Germans. After a decade of glorious warfare we Irish and Italians now borrow each other's lawn-mowers, our children "go together" and when an Italian is stabbed it is always an Irishman who starts the subscription for his widow.

As for the Germans, they were accepted from the first. They didn't lose caste during the war; but, then, we weren't sold on the war, anyway. A few of our young men enlisted and the rest of us were drafted. The married men and the work-

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ing girls bought Liberty bonds because they knew that otherwise they would lose their jobs. But we seldom hung out flags and never went to the armory to hear war talks by the Countess with the long Polish name or Sergeant Farnam or the aviator who was shot down inside the enemy's lines or Mrs. Durston of our own Main Street who went to France to conduct a canteen because (so the girls in the stores said) she was tired of living with her husband.

Still, inasmuch as it never occurs to us to gibe at taxes, you would probably call us good citizens, American citizens. We don't mind the term "American" but "Yankee" is a fighting word. We have a cold contempt for the man whose grandfather was born in these States.

This may be because the only real Yankees we know are so emphatically poor white trash. They are a tribe that took root God knows when in the Sandy Plains about five miles from Our Town and have intermarried and bred armies of big-headed offspring with eternally silly smiles. A few years ago a dozen of them moved into town to a street near ours. We are rather sorry for them and feed their children.

And then there is the other extreme, the D. A. R. All that we know of the D. A. R. is that the women who call themselves Daughters in Our Town are incredibly ugly and moustached and wear red or yellow gowns to the three yearly concerts in the Opera House, the only occasions when Main Street and Our Street meet. They are always writing long letters to the local newspaper filled with an unaccountable passion for New England. Last Decoration Day we Irish were on fire with the reports from Kilkenny and Donegal and Mayo and we planned a mass meeting. In a day or two a letter of protest from the D. A. R. was published. It was an incoherent, adjectival sort of screed and there were sentences that we didn't quite grasp. But we noticed one thing. The Daughters had missed the point altogether. They seemed to believe that Home Rule was the issue. They hadn't advanced beyond that point. So we said to each other, "If they're as thick as *that*!"

We are stove moulders or mounters, machinists, plumbers or laborers. Union men, of course, and we've all lived through strikes, mostly disastrous. But the blackest failures of them all, we've never regretted. They've brought intensity into our lives. We're the more men because of them. And, then, we've had the fun of enraging our bosses.

We read labor papers and know something of economics and don't vote the socialist ticket chiefly because we're Roman Catholics and the Church disapproves of socialism. Probably our sons will carry the red card. But then, they too are Catholics and every bit as regular at mass as we. The wildest lads among them show no signs of falling off. ... It's a bothersome question altogether and we're generally too tired at night to think it out.

This all sounds as though we lived in the grubby, smelly, box-car sort of homes where the novelist would be sure to plant us. We don't. You couldn't call Our Street really unattractive. Maples and fairly well-kept lawns and just now in late October a blaze of salvia. We own our homes and most of us have been born in them and we attach an extravagant value to our property. At least once every six years we paint our houses, brush in three coats of paint during the long summer twilights when we are vaguely lonely and bored and our wives are discussing the latest births and marriages.

Our wages aren't low—those of us with trades—but we have large families and as the shops close for at least two months every winter we generally go without meat toward spring. Of course, this year we've had hardly any work at all. Yet the younger men among us plan to send our children to college. We have a reverence for education. If we had only been educated, ourselves! But even there some of us are growing a bit sceptical.

Politics? Democrats, but not at all enthusiastic. Our women didn't register last year, though they did the previous fall in order to vote for "Al" Smith. The man seemed more human than his opponent and besides here in this upstate county the old A. P. A. spirit was rabid against him. We had to combat that. But as a rule we consider elections something of a joke.

Eighteenth amendment? It hasn't affected us greatly. Our twice-a-year sprees are a shade less magnificent than of old but only a shade. Anyway, there were never more than half a dozen of what you would call "drunkards" among us. And as to our regular drinkers, after a blistering day in the moulding shop, a man has to drink, that is all. And, of course, he can always get it.

We have the romances and the scandals and the rows that our background demands. They're obvious enough. To some of us they seem to have a wistful beauty, but we're mostly too sensible for so hi-falutin' an idea. They're inevitable, that's all. They're really not worth the telling. And they don't express Our Street half so clearly as this: We consider it a mortal sin to turn a tramp from our door.

FRANCIS MURPHY.

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Mr. Hopkins' Deluge

The Deluge, by Henning Berger. Translated and adapted by Frank Allen. The Plymouth Theatre. January 27, 1922.

THE four years that have elapsed since Mr. Hopkins first produced The Deluge have made the story of it more or less known by now. In a saloon eight people are caught by the storm and the overflow of the Mississippi: Stratton, the host, and his waiter; O'Neill, the shyster lawyer; Adams, a broker; Frazer, a promoter; the Swedish immigrant Nordling and Higgins the actor; and the girl Sadie. In the first scene the differences and animosities and the past of these people come violently to light, to be cowed somewhat by the storm at the end. In the second scene the storm and the darkness rage outside, and the company, filled with terror and despair and remorse and champagne, turn to loving kindness, to brotherhood and vows of eternal love and assistance to one another. The lawyer and the promoter are folded in a long embrace, Adams returns to his old affection for the girl he has deserted and left to the dogs; the rich are all promising to help the Swedish inventor; and Charlie, the waiter, is asking everybody "Do you like me?" And finally in the third scene the telephone comes back; safety comes round again; and the light of common day shows beyond the door that the water is gone. Then Sadie perceives that her friend has forgotten her for the ticker that begins to report on wheat once more; the lawyer goes back to his blasphemies; Stratton orders Charlie about, hands a bill for the night's entertainment, a round $300 in fact, to the patrons rich enough to bear it, and orders the actor and the Swedish bum out of the place; every Richard is himself again. The curtain falls on the Mississippi Ice Company telephoning about the day's order, is it to be doubled on account of the heat? and "Aw, tell him yes!"

The theme here is familiar enough; that human nature remains the same; it rises into the heights during this flood and threat of death, and flops back again to its old small ways when that threat is gone. But just the opposite can be made as true. If Homer sometimes nods—quandoque dormitat Homerus—as Horace said, Wordsworth sometimes wakes, as Byron added; and human nature may rise under pressure of beautiful and terrible excitement to splendid lines, of which the frayed and sorry ends alone appear in the mediocrities of everyday. Men rise to heights, relapse into the trivial, and then to the heights again; but that, of course, is as obvious as saying that a man may save his wife from a burning house by night, be bored to rudeness with her at breakfast, and then pass the day in a tearful dream of what his loss might have been if she had died. So that what excellence there is to The Deluge must be one of development, of variation on the theme, not of the main idea; the piece is essentially an arrangement, as painters use the word.

At the start with such an arrangement we must choose whether we shall make it a type thing or a study of details, minute and vibrant individualizations. Mr. Hopkins has chosen the former. He has made the people largely types; and the general situation one that will set these types going and so bring about the conclusion; you watch the play on the whole as a situation, a theme working out, seen objectively nearly always; and your heart cares precious little about either the incident or the people. And he has produced The Deluge as a high-class farce—which is nothing against it—a pondered and more or less satirical farce. It is farce because you feel from the outset that these human creatures are but grist to the extravagant mill of the incident; all their traits and oddities are here in order that they may be thrown to the grinding out of the thesis-bearing plot. It is farce because at the end every thread is taken up and extravagantly cut as the character goes out; and they all go out, as they came in, for the extravagant solution of a theme and event. How much the original play has of this quality or this text I have no way of knowing any more than I know how much of these truly American types were the creation of the dramatist or of Mr. Hopkins' own insight. With more use of suggestion, certainly, and a more careful control of the tone, and more speed in the movement, the performance might be more artistic. More sublety of edge might widen and complicate pleasantly our cerebral response to it. But, after all, The Deluge remains a piece of gênre; and the author can hardly intend to shake us up to very great depths. "Andreyev tries to frighten me, but I am not afraid," Tolstoi said once; and it would seem to be taking The Deluge too seriously to imagine that it has any fearful designs upon us. It seems to me just as well to let it go as farce; and in the key that Mr. Hopkins has chosen.

But even with that and with things as they stand, the first act—more than the second, and much more than the third, where so much happens—wabbles as it plays. If the characters are to be set out as types so broadly as they now are, the situation developed should be turned also into a typical and significant event, and shortened in time, so as not to be tiresome. Or if the time is not to be shortened for this first act, the whole thing must be played with more palpitant and exact detail, the characters must be more exhaustively studied and minutely revealed, the framework of the incident must be filled in more closely with more recognitions on our part and happy surprise, with a sense of tonic exactitude, challenging fidelity, and translucent rendering of nature.

The production of The Deluge as a whole, however, carries with it a sense of honest and sincere intention and of confident loyalty to the general character of the play; it is one of the best productions to be seen in town. The acting too on the whole is good, as far as it goes. Mr. Lester Lonergan as the ironical, oratorical and able, loose and courageous lawyer, whose brains and power, despite his lack of character or together with it, make him the strongest man in the crowd, does good, sound, uninspired, professional acting; he is what used to be called—when there were more of them, alas!—a sterling actor. Mr. Charles Ellis—except for that one place in the last act where he begins suddenly to walk up and down and talk about wheat, as bad a spot as you could find in the poorest melodrama—shows again that undoubted talent of his, a puzzling something, not altogether attractive but convincingly magnetic nevertheless, a something about the body and the mind that forces us to watch him and to accept a character in terms of him. All the acting in fact is above the average; the personages shown us are life-like enough up to a certain point. Mr. O'Connor might very well be a saloonkeeper; Mr. Spottswood, the waiter; and Mr. McWade almost unpleasantly persuades us into thinking him a malicious little promoter, gossip, and nobody; and so on down the list. Life, yes, but not enough life. The game here is too easy. It is the kind of thing that makes us wonder all over again if acting is really an art at all, as some of its

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detractors have denied its being. If Mr. Spottswood, for example, is a homely young man and makes himself up to be even more homely and dull, I see no great distance that he has to go in rendering for us the surface of Charlie, the waiter's, life as we might see it for ourselves if we went into Stratton's saloon. But at this rate any cross-eyed boy could act a cross-eyed Tom. Mr. Spottswood's business as a realistic actor is to see more completely what Charlie is and means, and then to choose details that will reveal to us what he has seen in his man. For realism never consists in copying the outside of things—an outside which appears in a different guise to every observer—but in relying on elements chosen strictly from the outside of a thing to express the whole of it.

This limitation is true of the whole company in The Deluge one way or another, with one exception. Mr. Edward Robinson in the character of the Swedish immigrant has soaked himself all through with the part. His performance is always beautiful and shyly right. That Nordling of his is not merely a foolish, theoretical foreigner, the saddest bit of the flotsam and jetsam of this American backwash stranded there in the provincial saloon. He is a creature whose drab little body is permeated with loneliness for his wife and his home; whose face shows wits that are vague with hopeless wandering and cracked theories for wonderful inventions that will make his fortune; and whose minute and pathetic continuity supplies the one really poignant note that manages to run throughout the play.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

Patriotism

SIR: In your February 22nd issue an article on Behaviorism in Religion speaks of the "God-state." The term, expressing one view of modern patriotism, suggests a somewhat neglected function of the state. It has been well and often said that man makes God in his own image. If the God is evil, then, it is because the model is evil. So of a nation. We all know men who in every concrete instance feel that it is patriotic to wish their country to impose its will on everyone else, never to arbitrate, always to get the best of the situation. But this is evidently because, at bottom, such men's ideal of strong and proper conduct is bullying and overreaching. And so we know many more who wish their loved country to be first in fairness and generosity, who are sincerely far more anxious for that than for its success in war. If this view and desire can be extended and made to prevail, nationalism, or patriotism, will surely have in it more of good than evil. Progress in this direction seems not unreasonable to hope for. For, first, it brings patriotism in line with the highest ideals of individual conduct, probably, of the majority of our population. A public morality lower than the private, as far as it exists, seems largely due to removable causes; propaganda, base sentiment of the never-haul-down-the-flag variety. Second, high ideals of patriotism ought even to lift the bullying and overreaching type of man as much as anything can. The power of religion to regenerate is the theme of your article and of many others. If patriotism is akin to religion, does it not also have some of this power? At its worst patriotism is a projected selfishness, but even at its worst it contains great elements of self sacrifice. The man who thinks of himself or others as making the supreme sacrifice, is he not in the best attainable frame of mind for realizing that his country might becomingly be generous? Few of us are so blasé that the thought of our country, forcibly presented, does not make the heart beat and the throat tighten. Those who would abolish the nations seem desirous of throwing away this emotion-compelling power, this potential moral influence, because they are too angry and impatient to consider putting it to use.

If nationalism could be abolished, what could take its place? Internationalism, a Parliament of Man, which is not a Federation of anything? A world government would certainly be in no danger of exciting the emotions, the loyalties, the pride, which the nations call forth. But would such a government have any power to diminish the selfishness which is the root of the evils of nationalism? Its activities would necessarily be internal; it would deal with the conflicting interests of its parts, that is, with "groups." Now a group may be defined as a nation with the soul and heart left out, and the stomach still there. A nation at worst is a group with a sense of duty and something to be proud of. Nations have "interests," but a group *is* an interest. Nations are apt to be very selfish, but they are apt to have ideals, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," something like a conscience. A group is selfishness incarnate.

In fine, the wickedness of nations is the wickedness of the citizens; patriotic feeling may intensify this at times. But the nation also intensifies and incites, as nothing else can, the better impulses of its citizens in relation to international affairs.

Recently Japan came to Washington to confer in regard to a situation where, in a material way, she held all the trumps. It was very generally said then that the only hope of getting her to yield anything to fairness was to appeal to her pride as a nation, and to her desire to stand high in the opinion of mankind. If the Japanese had come as a selfish group devoid of patriotism any such appeal would have been hopeless.

W. P. WHITE.

Washington, D. C.

A Tragedy of the "Excess Quota"

SIR: The article Deported, in your issue of February 1st, was of interest to those of us in Chicago who knew from this side the story of Kälte and Annie Focht. Our Immigrants' Protective League took in vain an appeal to the Secretary of Labor on behalf of the relatives here whose anguish and despair were almost unendurable when they received word of the girls' deportation. "Their mother cries night and day. She has never been separated from them before," a neighbor reported.

Our Chicago case-record contains some additional information of interest. The father of the girls was dead, and the money for traveling expenses was provided by their older sister and her husband. The latter, a Jugoslav immigrant, now an American citizen, had been saving for years out of a laborer's wage to bring over his wife's mother and her younger sisters. The record shows that he has spent all told approximately $1,430—one item of expense was $75 to the steamship company "for board incurred and cable expenses in connection with deportation." Another item was $50 to a lawyer who did nothing for them, and another item was a considerable sum for cables. In this case, however, some of the cables bore fruit. Advised by the League to bring the girls back under the next

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month's quota, the brother-in-law cabled the steamship company to hold them in England. New steamship tickets were bought, and the two girls finally arrived here in Chicago. They are exceptionally nice girls and were quickly placed in good positions as domestic servants. But in other families, equal sacrifices are made with less happy results. May I tresspass upon your space with the facts of another Jugoslav deportation case?

Joseph T— appealed to the Immigrants' Protective League for assistance when he received a telegram that his wife and two children, who had just arrived at Ellis Island, were excluded as "excess quota." An affidavit was made out for T—, and an appeal taken to the Secretary of Labor asking that his wife and children be released at least temporarily to pay him a visit. T— is a teamster who emigrated from Jugoslavia in 1914, expecting promptly to bring over his wife and children. He gave a moving account of his misery during the war, of the long years of waiting to hear from them and of the sacrifices he had made to save not only for the heavy expenses now involved in bringing over relatives but also for the flat which he had furnished for them on the instalment plan. He spent close to a thousand dollars to bring them to Ellis Island including $50 for cables alone. He said he believed that his wife would die of grief if she were deported.

The appeal went forward on November 25, 1921. On December 23rd a letter was received from a Congressman to whom his brother-in-law had appealed for help, saying that the appeal even for a temporary landing had been denied and that the family had already been sent back. When the wife and children were deported T— does not know, nor does he know where they are, nor what has happened to them. The man was further stricken by the fact that letters he had sent to his wife at Ellis Island were returned to him marked "not there." "I do not know where she is gone," he said, "and she does not know I tried to speak to her and to help her." Since the quota for the entire year is exhausted, she cannot be brought back before July even if he can borrow the money for steamship tickets. In the meantime he must store the new furniture and let the flat. The following extract from a letter to a Congressman from an official in the Department of Labor is of interest:

> My dear Mr. —
>
> I note your keen interest in the case of Mrs. T— and her two children, who were excluded at Ellis Island for the reason that the quota allotted to Jugoslavia, of which country they are natives, had been exhausted for the entire year. It was impossible to grant them permanent admission and their appeal was, therefore, dismissed. It had also been found inadvisable to grant them temporary admission.
>
> These aliens were destined to husband and father, a resident of Chicago who has obtained his declaration of intention papers and who is, apparently, fully capable of providing for them properly. . . .
>
> The Department has consistently extended every consideration to aged aliens coming to visit their children in the United States, or coming to make their homes with such children, and also to children who are coming to their parents in this country, even where the quota has been exhausted for the entire year. Such aliens are often admitted temporarily for the purpose of visiting their relatives, it being felt that the hardship of deportation, which must take place in any event will be somewhat lessened by such visit. But that particular hardship does not exist in the present case, as Mrs. T— has her parents abroad, the children are with their mother, and the hardship of deportation is considered no greater at this time than it would be, say, two or three months hence.

In this matter of deportations, we are, in spite of Congress, confronted with a condition and not a theory. Men like T— are permanent residents here and are to become citizens of this country. Surely they will be better men and better citizens if their wives and children are allowed to join them. Moreover, there is not only grief but bitterness over these deportations since the relatives here know that exceptions are constantly made, and it is impossible to understand why some wives or children or sisters are deported when other "excess quotas" in the same tenement or in the next street are admitted. In this case, within a week after this man learned that his seven long years of waiting and saving had ended in misery and that there was nothing to do but to begin all over again, the newspapers carried the announcement of the release of a thousand similar "excess quota cases" from the Island. "Why all of these and not mine?" he said. Why, indeed?

EDITH ABBOTT.

Chicago.

The Future of Russia

SIR: In the February 15th issue of your excellent weekly, you say "there are no indications at present that any party in Russia is strong enough to thrust the Soviets out of power." True, and further, it is true no other party but the Communists could have established a government of any sort and that anything was better than a rehabilitation of the bureaucracy. You further say, "Since the contribution of Russia is necessary to European recovery, some way has to be found for doing business under the Soviets, in default of any other regime in prospect." But business is an exchange of products, and how can business be done with a country that does not produce a surplus of anything and cannot supply its own simplest wants of clothing and food? Is there any prospect that Russia will not be as much an object of charity a year from today as she is today? She has been going down for two years. Do you see any hope that she will not continue to do so? Must not communism have its perfect work? Or will the Soviet leaders let up on the application of their principles sufficiently to allow the wretched remnant to raise enough to keep alive? Is Hoover to be called on indefinitely for charity and then abused because he is bound that our money shall reach its destination? Is there a ray of hope for the poor man in Russia, except that he cannot be worse off than he is?

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

[If, as we believe and as our correspondent believes too, there is no near prospect of the replacement of the Soviet regime by any other, we think it the part of common sense for America to make such arrangements as may be practicable for conducting business with Russia under the Soviets. We are under no illusions as to the volume of trade that would arise even if America were to try as hard to encourage as she has hitherto tried to discourage trade with Russia. Under any circumstances Russian production is certain to be low for several years It would remain low even if the absolute power were turned over to some Russian Hoover and used exclusively to advance the interests of production. No country can recover promptly from such a famine as now afflicts Russia.

We take it that our correspondent does not ascribe the famine primarily to communism, to the affects of intervention or to the policy of non-intercourse. Russian agriculture has no doubt run down since 1913, but neither war nor communism will explain wheat yields, over thousands of square miles, ranging from fifty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds per acre. Such yields can be explained only by the drought, which as everyone knows, was the most extensive and devastating in recent history. Possibly there would have been greater stocks held over from earlier years under a bureaucratic regime, but we know no reason for assuming this. Millions would have died of famine under any system of government.

But for the future: Will Russia be able to produce anything for exchange, assuming that the next season brings a fair rainfall? Will the Soviet leaders let up on the application of their principles sufficiently to permit this? Apparently they have already let up on the application of their principles. The peasant is required to pay a grain tax, which takes, we believe, no greater proportion of his produce than is taken by taxation in most other countries. The bulk of his grain he can keep or sell, if he can find buyers. The government has restored freedom of action to cooperative societies, which are doing business, so far as we can learn, under conventional cooperative, not communistic principles. The concessions which are granted by the Soviet government for the exploitation of mines, forests, and industrial plants offer a limited sphere in which efficient management can earn profits worth considering. It is the fashion to say that such grants are worthless because the Soviet government has no respect for its agreements. But there is astonishingly little evidence that the Soviet government has less regard for its agreements than most other governments. Accordingly, we think that it is entirely possible to carry on business with Russia, at first on a small scale, of course, but with fair prospects of future developments.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Newest Reaction

Civilization in the United States. An Inquiry by Thirty Americans. Edited by Harold Stearns. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. $5.00.

IF thirty American intellectuals are to be believed, their country is in a bad way indeed. The picture they draw of civilization in the United States is sad and drab and snappy. Its blacks are so very, very black, and its whites so dirty gray. In fact, the few hopeful things they mention are mostly by way of being programs of reform. Some virtue is found in victrolas, player-pianos and motion-picture orchestras, in the metropolitan theatre and in advertising and much is made of the "contempt of the younger people for their elders." Otherwise, there is nothing, it would seem, except Puritanism, materialism, vulgarity and wealth in which the United States excels. Even the last of these virtues is not unmitigated, for the country presents today the spectacle of a land ruined by over-plenty, the farmers of Kansas and Iowa burning corn for fuel while the workers of New York and Pennsylvania are suffering for lack of food. The reason is that the national economy is under the rule of financiers who control the flow of credit and so the destinies of agriculture and industry. As they are concerned solely about profits, they make advantages for the investor and waste for the worker. Affairs go through periodic cycles of alternate expansion and contraction, activity and speculation being succeeded by unemployment and failure. Here and there government is called in to interfere in business. But to what avail? The business cycle is a vicious circle of which the agencies designed to break it become themselves a part. Besides, there is no hope in government, for, owing to the localism of the Constitution, we are ruled by "cheap, common, ignorant, scoundrelly Congressmen" who, among other horrors and injustices could perpetrate such a thing as the eighteenth amendment! Then again, our thrift is undermined and our evil nature solicited by "America's cruelest and most ruthless sport, religion or profession," advertising. This, "with an accurate stroke but with a perverted intent . . . coddles and toys with all that is base and gross in our physical and spiritual compositions." By means of it business dominates our press, and our press, our most persistent continuous influence, is rendered thereby untrustworthy, cowardly and dishonest. Business makes of our cities ugly industrial aggregations in which the hotel and theatre districts are the "real civic centres," and of our small towns poor imitations of the cities or leaves them as mere social units delighting in conventions, parades, picnics and old home weeks.

The people who inhabit these towns and cities are a heterogeneous multitude whose prevalent modes of association are those of the Elk, the Moose, the Mason and the other totemic fraternities. They compose families growing constantly smaller in size and briefer in duration. Marriage is late and factories and offices more and more compete with homes for the employment of wives. Nevertheless, the whole country suffers from "nerves" because it is given over to "too much mother-love," to say nothing of the strain and compulsion that arises from the maladjustment to each other of the diverse racial and economic groups, particularly the immigrants and the aristocrats. In addition, there is no clear recognition in American morality of the true implications of sex. This morality imposes either repression or deception and with repression comes perversion and with perversion an intensified susceptibility to mob-mindedness. The freedom of association among the young, again, which means courtship without consummation, necessitates a balancing by consummation without courtship. Hence the institutions of sex life compel woman always to be either prostitute or wife, in effect sequestering her and thus keeping her from growing up. Sex life in the United States is in a state of arrested development.

If it isn't so for the immigrant when he arrives here, it becomes so, it may be inferred, when he has lived here. But the immigrant is hurt in other ways. He migrates to escape the oppression of the landlord at home only to come under the oppression of the industrialist abroad. He performs the hard and "dirty" work of the country in mine and mill under impossible conditions. When he seeks to improve these conditions he is hounded and denounced. The phrase "likely to become a public charge" is held over his head and is used to compel his acquiescence in a condition no better than peonage, without right even to an opinion unacceptable to authority. When finally he does become domiciled in the country, he is fortunate if he does not belong to a conspicuous racial minority like the Oriental, the Negro, or the Jew. If he does, and he shows any signs of power or competency in competition with the racial majority he becomes subject to invidious distinctions, a victim of race prejudice. The South, fearing the potential power of the Negro, disfranchises him and keeps him in practical slavery. The whole country, feeling the successful competition of the Jew, becomes anti-Semitic. And so it goes. Remedies only serve to intensify the disease, saecula saeculorum, world without end.

For the law is helpless to correct an evil like this, and education is in worse case than law. The life of the pioneer, the psychology of the immigrant, the interest of big business all serve to invest the United States with the temper of lawlessness. This lawlessness is enhanced by the fact that American law is antiquated and thus irrelevant to American life. As for education—it is the dominant superstitution of our time. Its authority has been set in human reason as salvation from social sin, but in fact it is sold unto the devil of the vested interests of mind and pocket. It aims not at truth, but at conformity. In the grade schools it is a regimentation of the mind; in the institutions of the higher learning it is directly a servant of the interests. As a national institution it is "the propaganda department of the state and the existing social system," imposing over-specialization on the pupils and indignity on the teachers.

Under such circumstances, what can one expect of scholarship and criticism, of science, of philosophy, of engineering, of medicine, of arts and letters? Nothing better than the worst. "America has a body and no soul," therefore many professors and no scholars. Its criticism suffers from "a want of philosophic insight and precision," a need of education in "aesthetic thinking," even as its scholarship requires deeper sensibility and taste. Its science, while industrious, and significant in experimental biology, psychology and anthropology, is a mere epiphenomenon, not an organic product of the soil. It lacks an encouraging public with a basic theoretical training. It lacks leisure, freedom, breadth, self-criticism, and "reasoned non-conformism." History, again, having been contaminated from Germany, has become dull and is devoted to the service of the vested interests. So is engineering, because the engineers are employees merely, servile in mind, politically uneducated, and without the power of self-criticism. And as for medicine—of all professions, the doctors are lowest

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in intelligence. Exercising a quasi-religious function, they are given over to medical fads and manias, devoted to "ga-gaisms," and they are restrained by moralistic biases from honest and effective work in preventive medicine. At the same time our writers are incapacitated from leading the literary life because they becomes slaves "to some demand from without," so that the creative spirit in them is rendered impotent at its very beginnings. Moved by fear rather than by faith, they have no power of growth. The pioneer past and the business present abort the "creative career." Writers are too weak to withstand their drain and solicitation. The "intellectual life" is too auxiliary to business. Thus philosophy itself, in its most representative phase, i. e., its more than professorial phase, is preoccupied with results and its head is diminished by the lack of a metaphysics. Economic opinion, while showing signs of awakening to economic facts and their implications, is prevailingly "the case for capitalism" or the case against it. And the case against it, as "radicalism," is irrelevant and immaterial because of the mental traits of its proponents in theory and practice, because of their "remoteness from reality." The residue—"the things of the mind and the spirit," "the intellectual life " an und für sich which preoccupies Mr. Stearns—this has been "given over . . . into the almost exclusive control of women." Americans have nothing else to do but make money; their women nothing else but to spend it. They spend it on hunting culture. From them issues the tone of American art, philosophy, music, education, of everything "intellectual." Men who concern themselves with such things therefore become effeminate and the things themselves are perverted from noble uselessness to ignoble application. For women demand service from everything, even from "introspection, contemplation, or scrupulous adherence to logical sequence," which ought to be like the lilies of the field. Such are the dire effects of the pioneer past and the business present! America suffers from a "baulked disposition to think."

There's music, for instance. Music costs the United States more than it costs any other country on earth. The composer gets every encouragement. Does he therefore produce? Not a bit. He lacks training and discipline; his taste is vicious and and workmanship bad; he has no intellectual competency. An illiterate public, composed mostly of women, deprave and inhibit him, for they require their music to serve as an escape from pioneer and puritan settings. The professional inadequacy of the music critics and the music journals inhibit him. And particularly is he inhibited by the racial heterogeneity of the American people. For the creation of music requires a background of common "aesthetic emotion" and such common emotion is possible only to a common stock uttering itself in a common musical idiom—not Negro or Indian or foreign—but American. Thus music is in a parlous case. But then, there's art. Art is painting and painters here have no foundation and no tradition, are subject to the vicious influence of a female public and undergo scornful tolerance at the hands of males for, one supposes, the women's sake. And the theatre! What good there's in it is largely due to the metropolis and the foreigners. Its great bad is the consequence of the depraved tastes of the provinces, with their lascivious puritanism and hypocrisy; of the greed of the playwrights who, eager for money-success, turn out bad workmanship and no ideas; of the disregard of the newspapers that treat the theatres shabbily as to space and cut their reviews to the measure of the business-office returns. Or take sport and play. How can a people with so little imagination in their heads and so much hero-worship in their hearts prefer playing themselves to paying others to play for them? And as for humor—it is to laugh. How can a thing like that, "a thing of all times and all places" be degraded to local quality and flavor? There is Attic salt in Mark Twain and, one infers, American pep in Aristophanes.

Poetry alone would seem to be relatively untainted by the fatal inadequacy or deformity which besets the above-mentioned elements of American civilization. The American scene, we are told, is not a unity but a multiplicity, each part self-sustaining and self-expressive, each possessed of its own tone and tempo. American poetry utters the diversity of the American scene. It is an art without tradition, springing directly from the soil, but influenced and fertilized from Europe. Its qualities are health, energy, vigor, vitality, self-confidence and copiousness. Beginning as a reaction against the prettiness of the verse of 1890-1910, it for a while made a fetich of the ugly and a cult of rebellion. Then, as it began to find itself for itself, it turned, in the work of Robinson, Frost and Masters, to the dramatic apprehension of reality; in that of Fletcher, Pound, Bodenheim, H. D., Amy Lowell, to the presentation of color; in that of Eliot, Kreymborg and Stevens to the expression of subtle psychologizings; in that of Carl Sandburg, to social responsibility; in that of Vachel Lindsay to "rhythmic abandon mixed with evangelism." The "anarchy of the poetic community" is, it will be seen, great, but its achievement is "healthy." It could profit by a developed sense of workmanship and a diminished preoccupation with matters not intrinsic to its task. Particularly would it benefit by "a fusion of the extraordinary range of poetic virtues with which our contemporary poets confront us, into one poetic consciousness." Poetry needs, in a word, a single ethos, but whether our many cultures can or should give rise to a single ethos is an open question.

II

Readers who are depressed by this sketch from the portrait of our United States by thirty American intellectuals may find relief by turning to the portrait itself. For I have been at pains to give the sketch some logical sequence, some structure which the portrait itself does not possess and which may well belie its essential nature and intent. I have made it far more like a composite photograph than it really is, and the parts far more interpenetrative and interdependent, a thing not to be done without much possible injustice to the writers, who are of very varied ages and far more varied endowments. Among them are figures as contrasted as Harold Stearns and Harold Brown, H. L. Mencken and Katharine Anthony, Ring Lardner and Robert Lowie, Anonymous and J. E. Spingarn. One wonders what the devil some of them, like Walton Hamilton or Zechariah Chafee, or Conrad Aiken, or Robert Lovett or Garet Garrett or Geroid Robinson—to mention the most outstanding—are doing in that gallery, so seasoned and informed do their essays appear, so considered, by contrast, their judgments. If their essays are a basis of judgment, the unity of the writers is not a consensus deriving from a common understanding and philosophy of life, and a common love of excellence. It appears rather as a common and usually justifiable discontent voiced with a more or less common sharpness, a discontent directed at the very apparent evil on the surfaces and last terms of things American rather than at their fundamentals, unless loading "pioneer conditions" and "business" with the burden of national sin may be called a regard for fundamentals. Such

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a loading is too traditional, too obvious and facile, and too right for other places as well, to be particularly significant. And beyond this—the text does not make it appear that its authors have worked out any fundamentals. Neither in the topics treated nor in the order of their succession does any principle seem to have been employed or any vision followed. Indeed, the arrangement of the book is even more haphazard and idiosyncratic than the categories of its subject-matter. Perhaps the authors drew lots for place, or Mr. Stearns was left to exercise his unmitigated taste and judgment; certainly no other principle of order, whether logical or alphabetical, seems to have been followed. The omissions, moreover, are very conspicuous—some, much more conspicuous than the inclusions. Mr. Stearns is conscious of the omission of religion; he excuses it by explaining that nobody that he invited would undertake to deal with it. But neither he nor his associates seem to be at all aware of the significance of the failure to treat, in a study of the civilization of the United States, the nature and implications of institutions so fundamental and characteristic as its agricultural economy and its labor movement, to say nothing of its architecture, its motion-picture industry, and its secondary arts. To pass these by with an allusion here and there and by the way, or with a sneer, is to convict oneself at once of superficiality and irrelevance.

If, then, I have given the summary of this indictment of civilization in the United States a unity which the indictment itself does not possess, I have done so at the risk of some injustice, inevitable, yet, I think, sufficiently authorized. For Mr. Harold Stearns, in his introduction, describes the book as an "adventure in intellectual cooperation." He tells of frequent meetings in his home, and of discovering "even at our first meeting . . . our points of view to have so much in common." He speaks of his own supervisory labors in behalf of unity and declares that, in view of the high individualism and freedom of opinion of each writer, "the underlying unity which binds the volume together is really surprising." This unity he expresses in the following propositions. First: that there is a dichotomy between preaching and practice in the United States. Second: that American civilization is not Anglo-Saxon. Third: that the American population suffers from emotional and aesthetic starvation. How he distilled these propositions from the contents of the book is a mystery I cannot penetrate; how by means of them he could distinguish American civilization from British or continental I cannot discover. However, there they are, vocal of the unity of thirty intellectuals. The hypothesis of its existence is further enforced by a significant reference. Mr. Stearns declares himself and his fellow-adventurers to have been animated by the spirit and temper of the French Encyclopedists; and the publisher's puff describes the book as a "revaluation of our contemporary culture" in that spirit.

The description, of course, enlivens our hopes and invites our mind. It conspicuously challenges a comparison. But alas, how we are misled! Here is no philosophic synthesis of new life and new knowledge used to judge ancient privilege and antiquated institutions. Here is no sage and witty scholarship, no reasoned irony and satirical tolerance compact at once of sympathy and judgment, which are the attributes of the Encyclopedists. You find yourself, on the contrary, compelled to the inference that all that most of our adventurers ever saw of the Encyclopedists was the name in a book. Their disesteem of civilization in the United States contains so many things that the Encyclopedists were at pains to condemn. They appear in the cool dry light of that eighteenth-century enlightenment as a sort of Pococurantist club, a mob-Pococurante—with a difference.

Pococurante is a figure in Voltaire's Candide, that stingingly urbane arraignment of eighteenth century civilization which nevertheless concluded that the whole lesson of life is the principle that it is necessary to cultivate one's own garden. One day Candide and his friend Martin pay Pococurante a visit. They find a personage who can see little virtue in women, painting, music, philosophy, poetry, science or literature of his own or any other time. As the visit ends Candide whispers to Martin "Oh, what a superior person! What a great genius to be sure is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him!" A moment later he adds, "There, you will agree with me, is the happiest man in the world, looks down upon all his possessions." To which Martin replies: "Do you not see that he is disgusted with everything he has? Plato remarked long ago that it is not the healthiest stomach which rejects all food." "But," Candide returns, "is there no pleasure in criticizing everything, in perceiving faults where all other men think there are beauties?" "Which is as much as to say," retorts Martin, "that there must be some pleasure in never being pleased."

This citation from the greatest of the Encyclopedists might well be the last word on the American book indited in their spirit were it not that the spirit of this book is that spirit with such a difference. It is the difference that elicits further consideration. For the difference is that the book is not, like the work of the Encyclopedists, simply a diagnosis, but a symptom as well. The work of the Encyclopedists was a true diagnosis. It entailed and expressed positive standards of social and intellectual health by which it measured disease. There was no mistaking or evading these standards. Our adventurers, on the contrary, set forth nothing positive, nothing of articulate excellence. They condemn; they denounce; they excommunicate. But their action is a passion, not a judgment, the work of rebellion and disaffection which must reject and tear down rather than build upon what exists, which has no eye for the other, equally real, aspects of what they doom, in which, so often, are the promise and even the growth of appropriate future excellence. If they cherish positive ideals at all, those can be discerned only from what they repudiate. They make use, it is true, of such terms as "culture," "the intellectual life," "the creative life," "the good life," but they leave you to discover what they mean by them only by negative implication and allusion in transit. These drive you, if you want a positive content for those terms, to look for it, not in Europe, (for Europe is in fact, though our adventurers do not, in the glamor of distance, seem to know it, no less under the domination of business than the United States) but in China perhaps, or in India, or if you must have Europe, in the Europe of pre-industrial times. But the intellectuals and aesthetes of China and India and pre-industrial Europe were also not without their plaints, if their poets and philosophers may be trusted. Instead of the businessmen there were the mandarin and the lord of the manor, also degrading "culture" and keeping artist or thinker as a servant in the house and a decoration in the state, restricting his freedom, and perverting his creative genius. "People of quality," says the would-be teacher of Jeannot to his parents, upon whom he is urging that Jeannot need be taught only the art of making himself agreeable, "people of quality, if they are rich enough, know everything without learning anything be-

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cause, in point of fact and in the long run, they are masters of all knowledge which they can command and pay for."

Since Voltaire made this observation, artists and thinkers, like other craftsmen, have been cut loose from the service and patronage of people of quality. Their dependence has become indirect and more flexible. They are more definitely on their own, and their livelihoods are contingent on a wider and more diversified public. In the common economy of a democratized, complicated industrial world they rank as craftsmen struggling for a market for the products of head and hand. Their task is more than ever communication, not soliloquy, communication to a public of highly variable range in depth of thought and sensibility, with an average of refinement and spirit inevitably lower than those of the classes of other civilizations and with individual differences of greater scope and subtlety. For the heightening and liberation of individuality and the expansion of mediocrity are concomitant phenomena. All sorts of things are produced and get hearings which would have been unthinkable in the age of homogeneous leisure classes and illiterate masses. The mortality is correspondingly higher, also. Of the infinite deal that gets produced much less survives, the turn-over is so rapid, the struggle for differentiation and place so poignant. And all the while, under the stress of the industrial reorganization of society, "culture," "the intellectual life," the "creative life" are diverging into a different content and direction, are acquiring, therefore, a different meaning. Those who are attuned to this new thing, utter it, in forms compensatory or expressive; in them—the poets, for example—is the promise of the excellence that always supervenes as the maturity of whatever is dynamic in the institutions of human life. Those who are not attuned, whether through temperament or training or habit, are thrown out of gear by it, and spend themselves in movement without progress, like a motor-car with its wheels in the air. They become filled with uneasiness and resentment and unable to discover any virtue or promise in what so obfuscates them. They do not think that it is to be mastered. They think only that it is to be evaded or destroyed. They hark back to a past where it did not exist, therefore to them, a happier past. Thus it is significant that of our thirty adventurers the best-tempered and the most judicial appear to be the youngest who grew up when the industrial milieu was already established, or the oldest whom it came too late essentially to affect; they see ways for improvement and propose reforms. It is the men on the edge of middle age or over it who seem to be the shrillest and most violent in their disaffection and hark back most regretfully to the forgotten standards of their youth. These are they who in school and college and afield would have suffered most from the dislocation caused by industry and resent most its attrition of their endowment and sidetracking of their training. The latter, willy nilly, supplied them with their standards, and though these may seem forgotten, they operate, and make culture and the intellectual life mean to them the genteel occupations and avocations of the pre-industrial aristocracies, vanished from New England, but whose not uncontaminated survival in Europe sheds for them a glamor upon the European scene. The father of their illusion was Aristotle, the traditional lawgiver to the cultural life of Europe, who, teacher and companion of aristocrats himself, assumed that thought could not be free unless it was useless, or culture real unless it was irresponsible. His predecessor, Socrates, knew better, for he taught that that is not good which is good for nothing. So the Encyclopedists understood "the good life" too. But Mr. Stearns and Mr. Mencken and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, to choose the most definitely placed of our adventurers, seem not to have profited by their example. They seem to fancy that the "intellectual life" or "the creative life" is a content rather than an activity and that that is no culture or bad culture which does not express the age of the landed gentry and illiterate peasants rather than the age of the moneyed bourgeois and lettered proletarians. In effect, they and their fellows figure in this book as emotional reactionaries. They look backward, not forward. Their reaction has novelty because they desire to sustain bygone ideals by rejecting the status quo rather than by conserving it. Their attitude is a paradox which would never have arisen had their spirit and temper been more like that of Encyclopedists and less like that of romantic amateurs, crying their woes. Then they would have informed themselves and have worked into a philosophy commonly held, of whatever is today known about the mind and body of man, his institutions, his endeavor and the conditions of his endeavor's success, and in the explicit light of this philosophy spoken judgment on civilization in the United States. Instead, their rebellious passion has led them to disregard all that is dynamic in their land, all that the future promises fruition in, for the sake of outcry of their woe. Perhaps this is as it should be. For strong emotion is purged by utterance, and it would be no more than fair to regard this plaint of the disaffected as, on the whole, nothing more than a purge. Now that they have come clean—if they have come clean—perhaps they will consult William James's On A Certain Blindness in Human Beings and try again.

H. M. KALLEN.

Celebrity

My Trip Abroad, by Charlie Chaplin. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.

TWO young men of our generation have great celebrity—Charlie Chaplin and the Prince of Wales. In some respects the Prince of Wales has, as a celebrity, a decided advantage over Charlie Chaplin. He can excite the public by wearing a much greater variety of clothes. He can arouse and hold interest when he eats, drinks, swims, plays polo or shoots a tiger. If, like his father, he elects to crease his pants east and west rather than north and south, he can stir the souls of millions of his fellow-creatures; and he has only to pronounce for a double-breasted coat or a brown hat to change the fashion everywhere. He is in a position to meet the "best people" in any community, and if he smiles hard at a girl he is exceedingly likely to get an introduction. By being charming and simple and quite unaffected he is able to engage the emotions of millions; and even if he were to use those emotions for military beguilement men and women would always run to gaze on him as they used to run to gaze on the Kaiser.

Charlie Chaplin hasn't a military empire behind him, and he can't command the attention of so many brass hats and tin-pot potentates. But the young man who plays the hobo draws very much the same audience as the young man who plays the prince. Bankers, chambers of commerce, Masons, legislatures, don't turn out for him automatically, but Charlie's Trip Abroad brought out the red carpet in England and France. In Paris, after all, the

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French Cabinet came to greet him, with Ambassador Herrick, Georges Carpentier, Prince George of Greece, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Duchesse de Talleyrand, Marquis and Marquise de Chambrun, and so on. President Millerand's representative decorated Charlie (at the performance of The Kid) and the throng in the streets was so immense that the gendarmes "had their hands full." "I do not attempt to remember names," says Charlie, "but the following list has been preserved by my secretary," and the comet's tail of celebrity at the theatre fills half a page.

In England even greater attentions flooded Charlie Chaplin. He was, unfortunately, unable to keep his date with the Prime Minister—he went instead to the Majestic Theatre in Clapham, under duress. But he received 73,000 letters on his arrival, had a large reception (headed by the mayor) at Southampton, was smothered by the huge crowd at Waterloo, and had greetings from bishops and lords at his hotel. The rumor that the Prince of Wales had asked him to lunch proved to be somebody's idea of a joke; but H. G. Wells took him off to the country for a week-end, and another week-end was spent with Sir Philip Sassoon. He could not go for a walk at dawn in Paris or London without being recognized. In Lambeth he was "discovered" in a few minutes. "I feel that Kennington Road is alive to the fact that I am in it," he records just after his arrival. To escape his celebrity was practically impossible. Even in the turkish bath on board the Olympic there were people to follow and to gape at him, exclaiming, "Good heavens! We always thought you had big feet. Have you got them insured?"

The intrusiveness of the public, and of the reporters, is hardly to be believed. It pursues the celebrity like the mad stare of a searchlight, picking him out on the street, in the theatre, in the hotel lobby, in his bedroom or bathroom. By telegraph, telephone, messenger, cable, motor and airplane the celebrity is hunted until he learns to invent a public personality to protect his nerves and economize his energy. In this book, compiled from Charlie Chaplin's dictation, one has a vivid record of the actual pursuit. Charlie Chaplin is not spoiled. He is, on the contrary, desperately anxious to remain genuine and to be himself. But the fact that the public is watching him, and expects him to be interesting, seldom or never leaves his consciousness. His naturalness is, on this account, so resolute that it becomes slightly unnatural. Even when he is most sincere as to his own naïve pleasure in his celebrity, or when he is most aware of his insignificance, the fact that there is a looking-glass before him does tinge his behavior and produce a pose. To be aware of oneself even if it is only to be humble—that is apparently one of the prices of such celebrity as Charlie Chaplin has experienced. And while he has a private personality, visible under the edges of his smiling public mask, the Trip Abroad is not, and could not be, a normal account of it.

The book, however, is fascinating. Charlie Chaplin is still on good terms with his ideals. He is young, eager, generous, vivid. He had a good deal of pleasant sentiment about his return to England, and real feeling about London. That real feeling drew him back to "the haunts of my childhood," and his quick imagination seized on the fact that the old blind man was still under Westminster bridge —"there he is, the same old figure, the same old blind man I used to see as a child of five, with the same old earmuffs, with his back against the wall and the same stream of greasy water trickling down the stone behind his back." On the street he meets again a thin; narrow-chested girl who used to be a servant girl in his cheap lodging house. They have a real talk. He passes the barber shop where he used to be lather boy. Crowds collect as he walks around. "Hello, Charlie!," "God bless you, Charlie!," "Good luck to you, lad!" "The little cockney children circle around me to get a view from all sides. I see myself among them. I, too, had followed celebrities in my time in Kennington. I, too, had pushed, edged, and fought my way to the front rank of crowds, led by curiosity. They are in rags, the same rags, only more ragged. They are looking into my face and smiling, showing their blackened teeth. Good God! English children's teeth are terrible! Something can and should be done about it. But their eyes. Soulful eyes with such a wonderful expression. . . . What a lovely people!"

That is genuine, with the real Dickens warmth, the warmth of Englishness in it—not Jewishness, because Chaplin regrets to say he is not a Jew. He seems very English in the self-consciousness, the "white funk," that suddenly comes over him when he's recognized in a pub. Yet he is American rather than English in his appreciation of picturesqueness. Isn't it American of him to wish that he could acknowledge his great entrance into London by some suitable response? "If I could only do something. Solve the unemployment problem or make some grand gesture, in answer to all this." Then he looks back at the string of taxis following his, as he speeds to the Ritz. "In the lead, seated on top of the cab, is a young and pretty girl all dressed in scarlet. She is waving to me as she chases. What a picture she makes! I think what good fun it would be to get on top of the cab with her and race around through the country."

There, after all, is the private personality, the real man. One suspects Charlie Chaplin when he has the appropriate emotions about speech-making, and when he greets Old England. But the desire to race around through the country on top of a cab with a pretty girl in scarlet—that seems just as genuine as his feeling about the lovely eyes, the blackened teeth, of the crowd that followed him in Lambeth.

Just as genuine—but somewhat dilated with the excitement of being a celebrity. And this excitement permeates My Trip Abroad. Even in Germany, where Charlie Chaplin is not known to the movie public, he soon began to feel the throb of interest in the crowds around him in the cosmopolitan Palais Heinroth; and he was missing the throb until "Al Kaufman of the Lasky corporation" spotted him and shrieked and yelled "Charlie!" and ran to him: "Come over to our table. Pola Negri wants to meet you."

The sanest characteristic of My Trip Abroad is its acceptance of celebrity as a kind of public quaintness, an accident. Charlie Chaplin undoubtedly enjoys it, but he regards is as though he had been made to wear a magic cap the sight of which made people shout, "Hooray for Charlie!," "God love you!," "God bless you!," "Good luck!," "Well done!" He feels, or seems to feel, that back in Hollywood he can once more go bareheaded, and this amazing public personality can be removed. One wonders, however, what the effect on artists must be of this overwhelming attention. With Charlie Chaplin it is to make him say: "If I can bring smiles to the tired eyes in Kennington and Whitechapel, if I have absorbed and understood the virtues and problems of those simpler people I have met, and if I have gathered the least bit of inspiration from those greater personages who were kind to me,

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The Index for Volume XXIX, which was completed with our issue No. 377, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

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